WEEK ENDING JUNE 28 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Our Overworked Presidents

By Rear Admiral Ca[illegible]

JUNE 28, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 8

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CIVILIZATION AND THE BUSINESS MAN

Napoleon Bonaparte, who in many respects was a progressive or forward looking man in the Europe of his day, once said a foolish thing. "The English," he said, "are a nation of shopkeepers." The folly of Napoleon's remark lay not in the assertion but in the contempt it conveyed. The nation of shopkeepers destroyed Napoleon in the end, and in modern times, as Napoleon should have understood, a nation of shopkeepers will triumph in the end over a nation without shopkeepers, or as we would say in a more general term, business men.

We observe of late in American writing an infection of this foolish contempt for business and the business man. It is a borrowing of European revolutionary theory and sentiment. It is not American thought, for from the beginning of the nation we have been intensely interested in business and understood its importance to our progress. Our Europeanized doctrinaires and Greenwich Village novelists borrow the theory of Karl Marx that all wealth is produced by the manual laborer. The tiller of the soil and the mechanic are indeed essential. They lay the foundations. But without the business man, the organizer, manager, distributor, financier, in other words without business and the business man there would be nothing built on the foundation. Without the business man the farmer's living would be what he could get out of his land by his own labor. Without the business man the hand worker would have what he could make with his hands from what material he could get with them. The inventors' discovery would hardly get beyond his workshop without the business man.

The great superstructure of civilized society with its vast and complicated exchange of necessaries and of luxuries, its reserves for the future, its steadily growing command over nature and its rapidly increasing benefits for all classes is chiefly the creation of business and the business men. In Russia there were few business men, bourgeois they call them, and those few were massacred, driven out, or enslaved. Americans can see the result. Without business there would be no cities. There is no civilization without cities. Without business there would be no railroads or canals or ships or motors; no telegraphs or telephones or radios or electric lights or reapers. Without these there would be little of the comfort and security which have become necessities in our lives. Without business there would be no civilization and no progress, for without business each of us would be imprisoned in the narrow cell of his own unaided powers.

Business is co-operation and exchange and the uniting of all the world's wealth and all the world's forces for our enjoyment.

There was a time when there were no business men. We call that time the dark ages. The farmer was a serf and huddled for safety in the castle yard of the baron, and the workman was also a serf and made his crude implements for the same master. Without business we should return to that era. The contempt of the radical for the business man is born of ignorance. It has no place in American thought.

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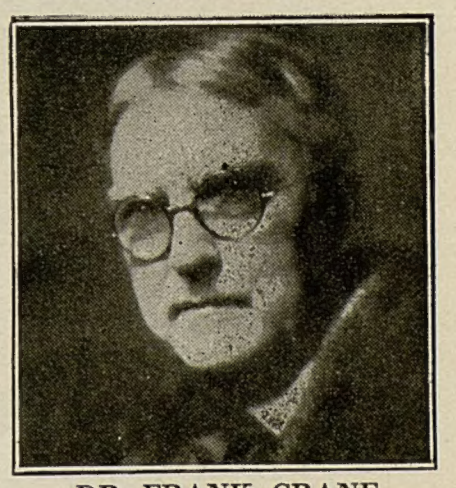
In Our Next Issue

How It Feels to Be President

An extraordinarily frank revelation by *Calvin Coolidge* of the awe with which he accepted the great office, and the sense of high obligation with which he has met its problems, as told by *Dr. Frank Crane*.

***Julian Street* gives us another enthralling installment of Confessions of a Grifter, and *John Taintor Foote* adds an exciting chapter of his dog story, Trub's Diary.**

Slackers Still, by *Edward S. O'Reilly*, is a story of the "exiles" who fled to Mexico to dodge war service and there are forced to stay—men without a country; *Hugh Fullerton* comes out with a review showing how many of the text books used in schools are inclined to disparage the deeds and ideals of our cherished heroes. Read his article, Pollyannizing American History. Papa, Take Us to the Circus,



DR. FRANK CRANE

the perennial cry of youth with its ever responsive chord, is the title of a human interest story by *Harvey Deuell*. There is also another installment of *George Barr McCutcheon's* speedy serial, Romeo in Moon Village.

June 28, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 8

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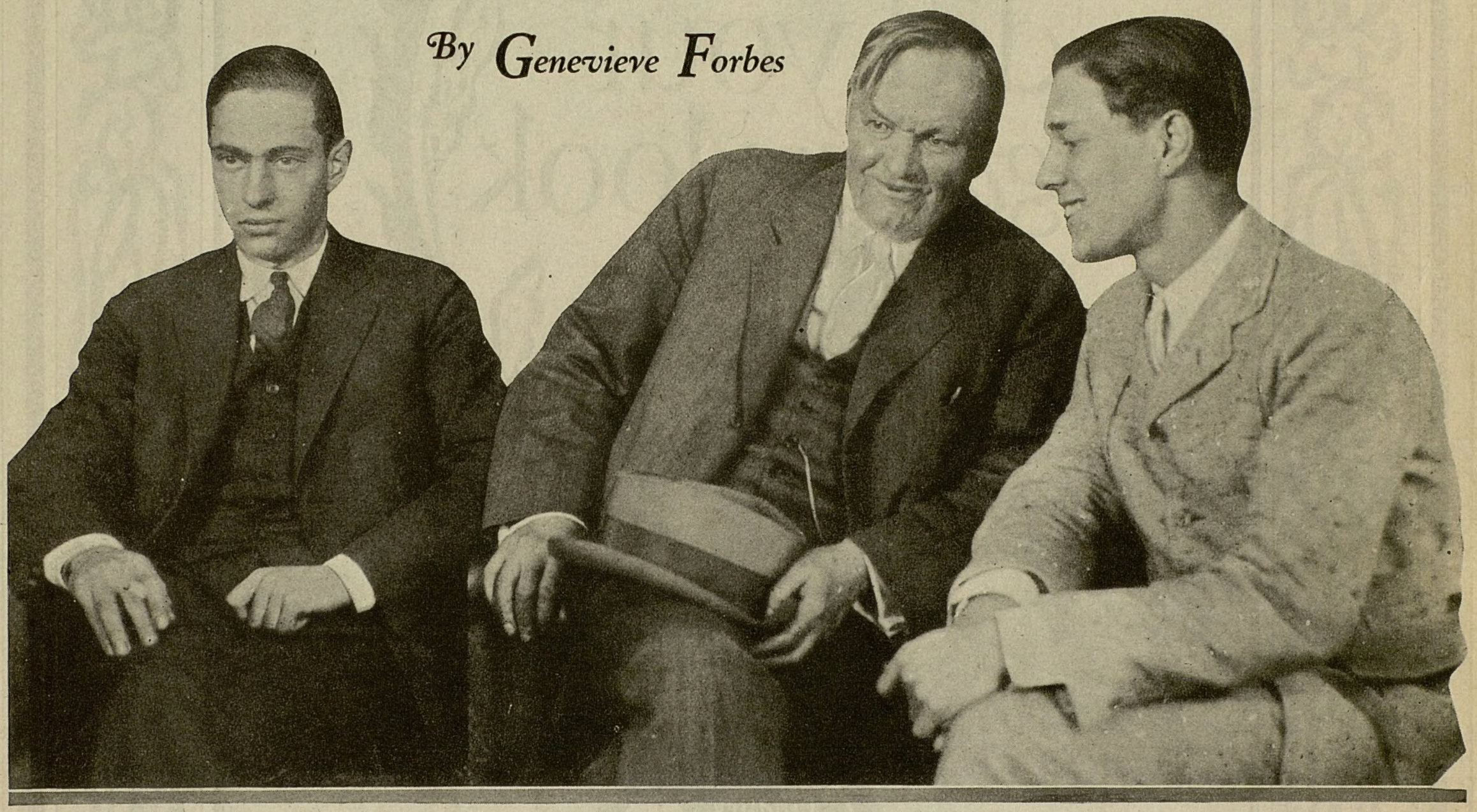
THE DIREST MURDER

IN THE HISTORY OF CHICAGO

An Analysis of an Amazing Crime Which Had Its Origin in the Modern Quest of Youth for New and Sinister Emotional Experiences

By Genevieve Forbes



The two confessed principals in Chicago's direst murder, Nathan F. Leopold Jr. (left) and Richard Loeb. The central figure is Clarence Darrow, the distinguished criminal lawyer, who is chief of the legal staff for the defense. P. & A. Photo.

Because the recent kidnaping and murder of the fourteen-year-old son of a Chicago millionaire by two young honor students at the University of Chicago presents itself as a milestone in the evolution of American society at which every one may well pause and look with deep concern, Liberty begins the publication in this issue of an analysis of the remarkable and alarming crime.

The murder, as Miss Forbes' series of three articles will reveal, had its real origin in youthful egoism, in the quest of two rich and precocious boys for new, and always more intense, emotional experiences. In that respect it is probably unique in American criminal annals; and in that respect also it tends to bring into sharp relief certain modern tendencies in education and in morals.

But it has another and even greater significance in American life. Many children are an enigma to their parents; and conversely many parents are an enigma to their children. Neither understands precisely, nor sympathizes to any great extent with, the others' point of view.

Miss Forbes' articles will disclose that it was this barrier of silence and misconception which was to blame, in the first instance, for the shocking tragedy of the Franks boy's death. The Editors.

IT was on May 22 last that a workman, taking a little used path across a prairie on the southern outskirts of Chicago, by chance looked down into a culvert and discovered the naked body of a boy, jammed head first into the water pipe.

A few hours later the newspapers told the nation that Robert, the fourteen-year-old son of Jacob Franks, a Chicago millionaire, had been murdered.

At the very moment the workman was lifting the boy's body out of the ditch water, Franks, unaware that his son was dead, sat in the well-appointed library of his luxurious home in the fashionable Hyde Park district — sat hunched up over a cigar box which bulged with $10,000 in bills.

He chewed nervously on a cigar, and his eyes, sunk deep in their chalky sockets, alternated between the box and a typewritten letter, held in a trembling hand. Frequently his restless glance veered toward the telephone, which oddly failed to tinkle with the call he expected soon to advise him what to do with the $10,000 in the cigar box. The box was securely wrapped and ready, and the money was in old bills, as had been demanded in the typewritten letter which had reached him a few hours before.

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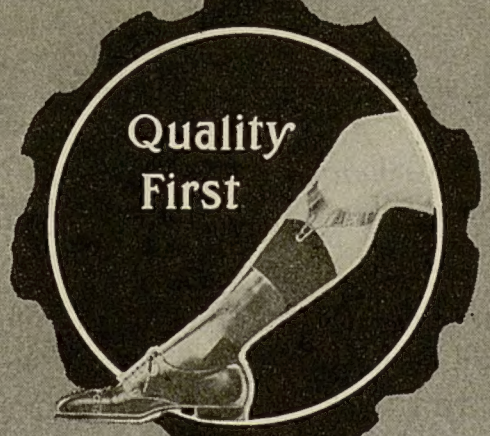
How did your *garters* look this morning



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

This friendly reminder to forgetful men has earned for Bostons the thanks of thousands of careful dressers. Be comfortable by knowing your garters are fresh always.

George Frost Company, Boston.
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

GFT

Dear Sir:

As you no doubt know by thistime your son has been kidnapped. Allow us to assure you that he is at present well and safe. You need fear no physical harm for him provided you live up carefully to the following instructions, and such others as you will receive by future communications. Should you however, disobey any of our instructions even slightly, his death will be the penalty.

1. For obvious reasons make absolutely no attempt to communicate with either the police authorities, or any private agency. Should you already have communicated with the police, allow them to continue their investigations, but do not mention this letter.

2. Secure before noon today ten thousand dollars, ($10,000.00). This money must be composed entirely of OLD BILLS of the following denominations;
$2,000.00 in twenty dollar bills
$8,000.00 in fifty dollar bills
The money must be old. Any attempt to include new or marked bills will render the entire venture futile.

3. The money should be placed in a large cigar box, or if this is impossible in a heavy cardboard box, SECURELY closed and wrapped in white paper. The wrapping paper should be sealed at all openings with sealing wax.

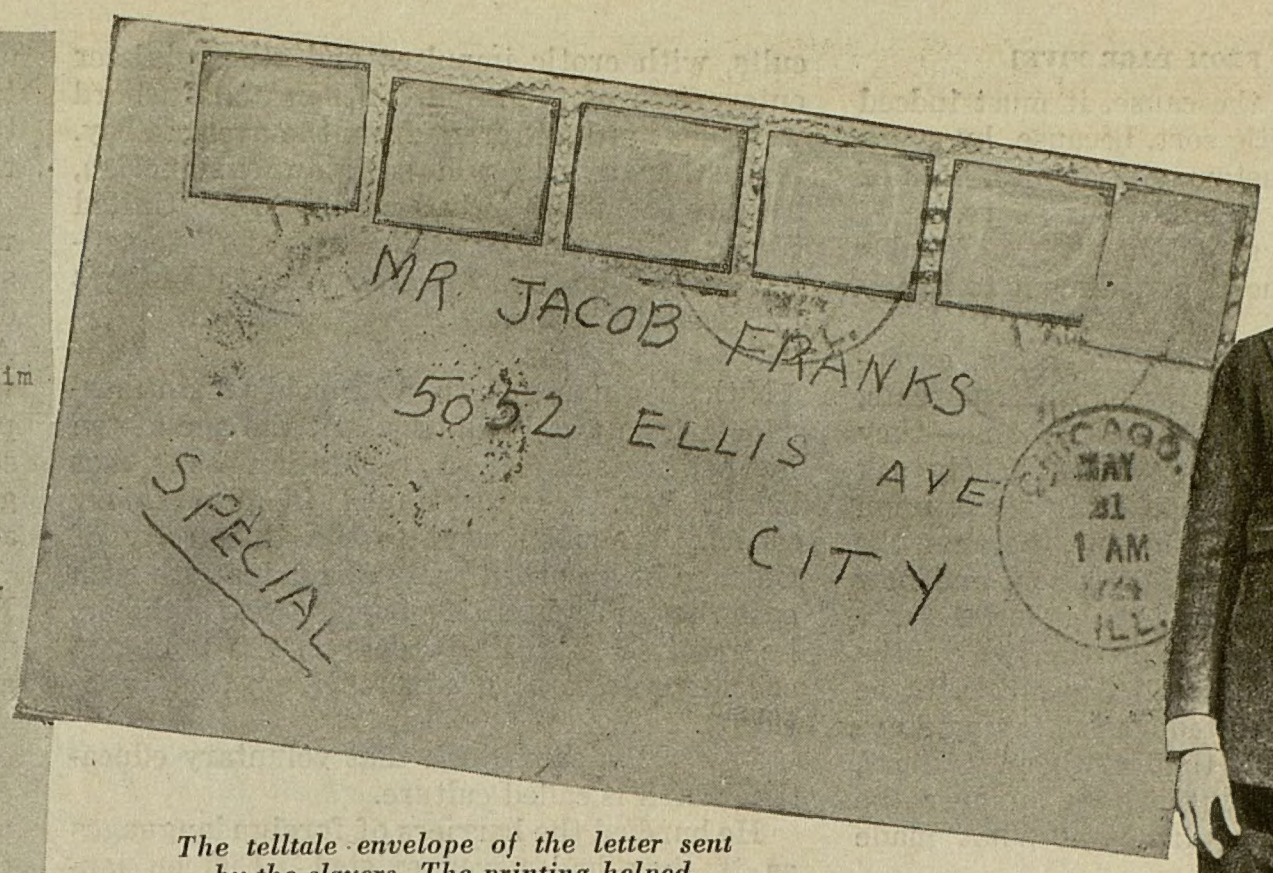
4. Have the money with you prepared as directed above, and remain at home after one o'clock P.M. See that the telephone is not in use.

You will receive a future communication instructing you as to your future course.

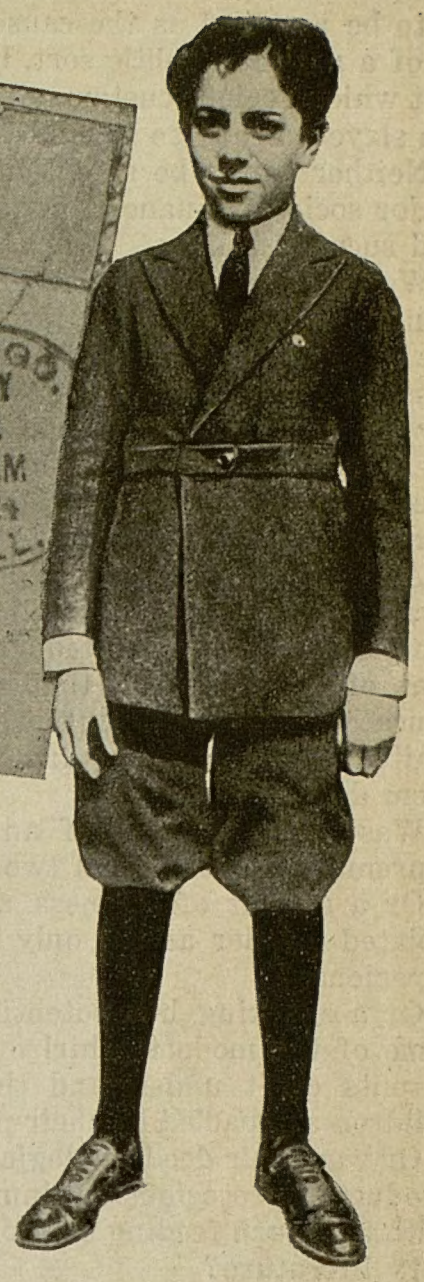
As a final word of warning - this is a strictly commercial proposition, and we are prepared to put our threat into execution should we have reasonable grounds to believe that you have committed an infraction of the above instructions. However, should you carefully follow out our instructions to the letter, we can assure you that your son will be safely returned to you within six hours of our receipt of the money.

Yours truly,
GEORGE JOHNSON
GKR

The ransom letter received by Millionaire Jacob Franks. Even as he read it his son lay slain in the lonely culvert.



The telltale envelope of the letter sent by the slayers. The printing helped to identify one of them.



Robert Franks, heir to millions, who was kidnaped and murdered so, it is said, two prodigies might revive a jaded appetite for bizarre adventure.

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"George Johnson" was the signature the letter bore. It stated that the author had kidnaped Franks' son. It was an unusual letter to come from a criminal; its diction was precise and its punctuation perfect. In the choice of every noun and verb, in every inflection of meaning, it proclaimed itself the work of an educated man.

And Franks, as he waited, with the sweat gathering on his white face, for the signal which would speed him toward his son's recovery was torn between apprehension for the boy's safety and bewilderment concerning the motive for the abduction.

The millionaire, whose time of late years has been devoted principally to the management of his real estate holdings, had begun his career as a pawnbroker in Chicago's happy-go-lucky days a score of years ago, when gambling houses flourished and the town was "wide open."

But Franks had always been known as a "square shooter." He had no known enemies. Even if he had, he reflected as he fumbled with the box of money and sent repeated glances at the telephone, time must have dulled their animus.

Revenge for a fancied wrong could not have prompted his son's abduction. He was sure of that. No, it must have been only the money that "Johnson" and perhaps his confederates were after when, the afternoon before, they had met Bobby on his way home from umpiring a sandlot baseball game at the Harvard School and spirited him away.

Franks in his anxiety was even grateful for that circumstance.

He would pay the money in precisely the manner that the mysterious and cultured "Johnson" had promised soon to direct over the wire. There would be no police interference, no delay—nothing to jeopardize the boy's safety.

But even as Franks eagerly waited the summons that he thought would effect his son's liberation, though it left him $10,000 poorer, the boy was dead. Indeed, he was dead when the kidnapers' well phrased letter had been dispatched.

And these, in stark outline, are the circumstances which surrounded the discovery of what had proved to be perhaps the most appalling deed in American criminal annals.

Just a few feet from the culvert in which the Franks boy's naked body had been thrust a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles later was found.

The ownership of these spectacles, after a number of days, was traced to one of two young honor students at the University of Chicago. Both were boys still in their teens; both were members of rich and respectable families; both were noted as intellectuals. Yet they jointly confessed the double crime.

Near the Franks mansion were two other mansions, each centering about a precocious, pampered son.

Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., nineteen years old and the youngest graduate of the University of Chicago, is the son of Nathan F. Leopold, millionaire paper box manufacturer and head of lake shipping interests.

Richard Loeb, 18 years old and the youngest graduate of the University of Michigan, is the son of Albert H. Loeb, multimillionaire vice president of Sears, Roebuck & Co.

The two boys had money and education and leisure. They "lived their own lives" in an upholstered world of good food, fine linen, expensive recreation, and valet service. Bored with every physical comfort and intellectual satisfaction that money, modernism, and egoism could pile up for them, the youths wished to squeeze still drier the sponge of human experience.

So they went adventuring that spring afternoon of May 21.

And, by their own amazing confession, they kidnaped and murdered little Bobbie Franks just to get an emotional "kick" from the ultimate experiment in their laboratory of human reactions.

It is not a pretty story—how they seized the lad while he was on his way home; how they beat him over the head with a cold chisel; how they suffocated him as he lay in the tonneau of a rented automobile; how they stripped him and plunged his body into the culvert pipe; how they buried his shoes and burned the blood stained motor robe; how they mailed the ransom demand to Mr. Franks and returned home to discuss the crime.

The very horror of these details renders them almost incredible. Yet it is not horror that makes the crime principally remarkable. It is the motive which stamps it as incomprehensible.

None of the usual explanations suffices. The deed cannot be laid to insanity, nor to environment, nor lack of education. If irrationality

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is to be ascribed as the cause, it must indeed be of a rare and subtle sort, because, by every test which society customarily applies, both of the slayers are wise beyond their years.

Neither can it be said that they suffered a major social or financial impediment to happy and successful lives.

Wealth, leisure, friends, admiration, exceptional mental ability, the love of their parents, the benefactions of a harmonious home—they possessed all these. They could hardly ask for more. Yet they turned their backs upon their heritage of good fortune, became the executioners of their neighbor's son, and now stand within the shadow of the gallows.

And so it is only natural as the two youths await trial for murder which promises to be the most bitterly contested court hearing since that of Harry Thaw, that mothers, fathers, educators, and legal authorities all over the United States are inquiring: "What made them do it?"

Was it the courage of an assumed mental supremacy on the part of two prodigies?

Or a surfeit of softness and wealth which isolated murder as the only sensation not yet experienced?

Or a shocking but potentially possible outcome of the modern whirl of living, in which parents don't understand their children and children are baffled by their parents?

Or was their deed the logical but astounding product of precocious but immature minds sick with too much feeding on erotic Sixteenth Century literature?

Somewhere in this category of reasons—somewhere in the experiences which overtook them during what every parent knows as "the dangerous age"—the explanation must lie, because before they became familiar with liberated emotionalism, with Sixteenth Century cults, with erotic impulses and other sinister enterprises of the mind, Nathan and Richard were not much different from the average boy.

Another article will seek an explanation, because there is hardly a parent in the United States who hasn't a "dangerous age" to contend with, who hasn't read of the Franks boy's murder with a barely repressed shiver.

IN the beginning Nathan Leopold's main characteristic was brilliancy. At the age of ten he had established a reputation as "that bright boy." It continued in preparatory school. When he went to the University of Chicago he absorbed books and dates with such ease that in June, 1923, when he was eighteen, he received his Ph.B. degree, the youngest scholar ever to be graduated from that institution.

It was the same with that voluntary education which is called culture.

He hurdled the barriers of foreign languages as if they had never existed. Fifteen languages he reads, or speaks, or knows.

"Surely, I can 'get up on any language' in a few weeks," Leopold confided to the bewildered detectives who had him in custody.

Then there was the power of dollars.

From infancy Nathan had understood the value of his father's millions. In his boyhood he and three friends were fined for fishing out of season in a northern lake. The little rich boy paid the fines. Their equipment was confiscated. "Father's money" bought new outfits for all.

Later Nathan wished to shoot birds in a city park. It was against the rule.

"But pull did it," he recalls. "I had the money and I found a way to get a permit." Thus did precocity and license keep pace with each other in the boy's development. And yet nothing especially vicious.

Nothing essentially different, perhaps, between the daily program of young Leopold and that of the 1924 wealthy boy who lives around the corner.

His father's chauffeur to drive him where he willed. A monthly allowance of $125 just for spending money. Luncheon at the best hotels; dinner at the most sophisticated eating places. A winter in Hawaii; a summer wherever he wished. Soft beds, rich food. Life wasn't especially hard for the nineteen year old heir to several millions. But neither was he a sluggard, as his application to his many and abstruse books revealed.

LEOPOLD'S recreation was, in fact, an apparently innocent combination of his money and his intellect.

Fond of birds and their ways, he studied ornithology. Presently his father fitted up a complete laboratory for him, with the latest and most expensive of equipment. Deep recesses for stuffed birds. Pedestals for the mounted specimens. Rare books on rare birds.

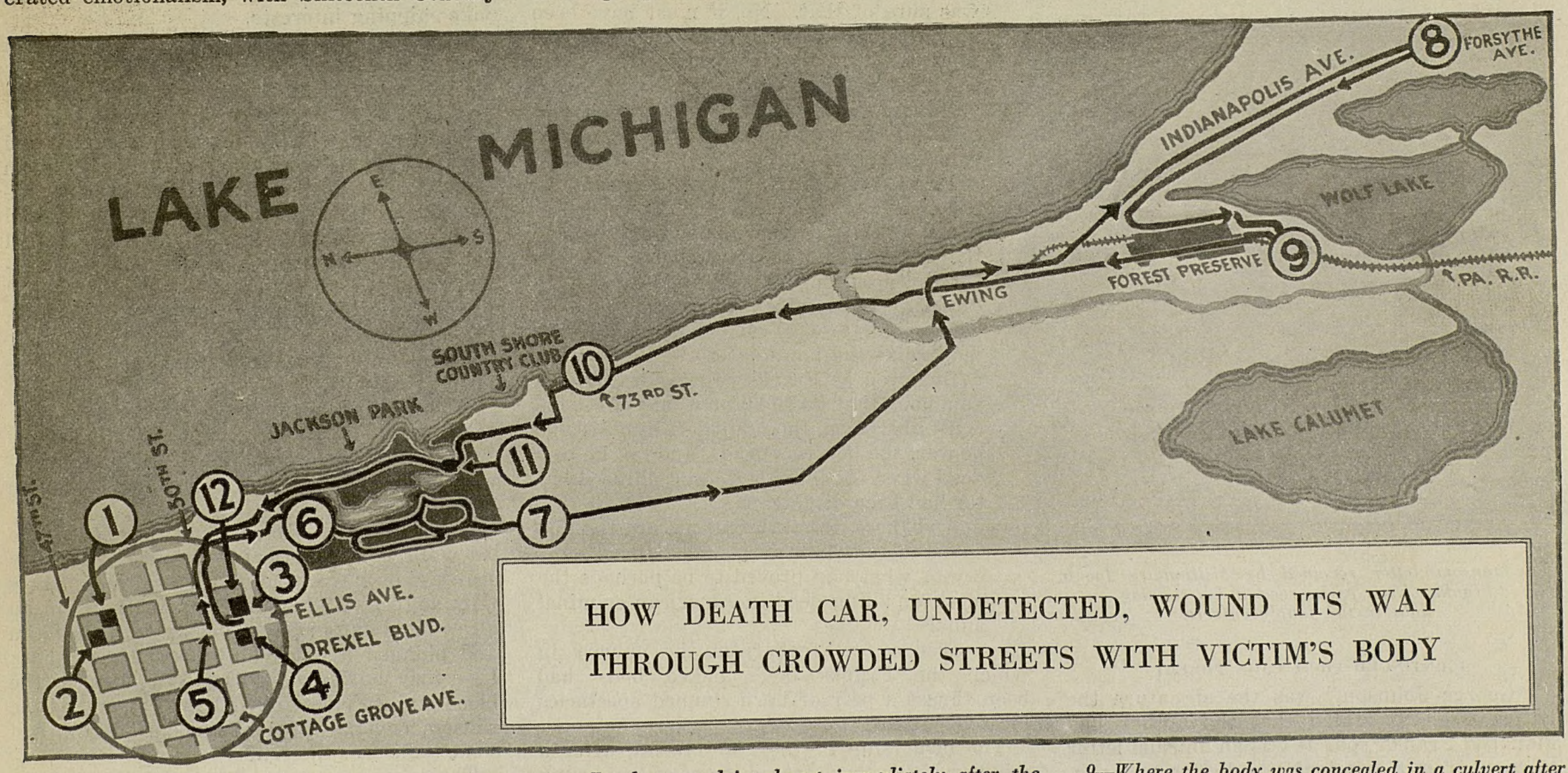
His scientific detachment teased him along to impale an insect on a pin, just to see how the experiment worked out.

Gradually, easily, the student progressed.

But as adolescence came upon him—"the dangerous age"—his mind began excursions into the mysterious and inviting realm of sex. No young person ever escaped the impulse at the time when nature takes its first step toward the propagation of its species. But young Leopold brought to his investigations an abnormally keen intellectual equipment.

Books which remain closed to the ordinary youth, by reason of lack of sufficient funds to obtain them and scholastic ability to peruse them, opened readily in Nathan's fingers.

He began to be attracted to the quaint and direful customs of bygone ages, especially the



HOW DEATH CAR, UNDETECTED, WOUND ITS WAY THROUGH CROWDED STREETS WITH VICTIM'S BODY

1—Home of Nathan F. Leopold Jr., one of the confessed slayers.

2—The Harvard School, where young Franks was a student.

3—Home of Richard Loeb, Leopold's chum and admitted confederate.

4—Residence of Robert Franks, the victim.

5—Spot at which Leopold and Loeb assert they enticed the Franks boy into their automobile. Franks was slain almost immediately after the car left this spot.

6—Jackson Park, where Loeb and Leopold drove with their victim until dusk.

7—Route taken toward the predetermined hiding place for the body.

8—Where Leopold and Loeb stopped for sandwiches and then threw away the slain boy's shoes and belt. From this point they retraced their course to the north end of Wolf Lake.

9—Where the body was concealed in a culvert after the pair had rounded Wolf Lake.

10—At this spot Leopold and Loeb burned the motor robe in which Franks' body had been wrapped.

11—Jackson Park yacht harbor, where the typewriter upon which the ransom letter had been written was dismantled and thrown into deep water.

12—The end of the journey, in rear of Loeb's home, where Loeb and Leopold cleaned their rented car, burned Franks' clothes, and indulged in a sociable game of cards to finish the day.

The lonely spot at 118th Street and the Pennsylvania tracks on the southern outskirts of Chicago, where discovery of a boy's body in the culvert shown led to solving the Franks murder. For days police groups, such as the one shown, "reconstructed" the crime from every angle, until the murderers were found.

hostile sciences and abnormalities of the Sixteenth Century. Again and again paternal money bought first editions, stacked the library shelves with priceless volumes.

There were tales of strange cults, and young Leopold, for all his conventional Twentieth Century life in the drawing room downstairs, was ardently sympathetic to these mediæval heroes, as he sat in his private library and perused their offerings.

HE read the horrors of Pietro Aretino, the "Scourge of Princes," whose obscene dialogues, *I Ragionamenti* (The Reasonings), he says he once wished to translate, for the first time, into English. He had planned to write a preface of praise for the Italian blackmailer, and of justification for his revolting work on perversion.

Then there was Benvenuto Cellini, casting his unwholesome shadow across the recesses of the Sixteenth Century. The young superintellectual of 1924 admired him as passionately as ever a country lad adored Lincoln.

There were also tales of Jack the Ripper and his ghastly crimes, and of the Fifteenth Century Bluebeard and his torture of boys. Copies of Nietzsche and his philosophy made Leopold say, with superior finality:

"God is fine for the masses, but a bit amusing for an educated man."

Pages of Schopenhauer and his sentences of pessimism. Volumes of Freud and his sex complex. The recently translated "Là Bas" (Down There), by J. H. Huysmans, with its explanation of Sadism, that morbid disease of the emotions which made its disciples delight in inflicting pain on others.

And Oscar Wilde had a message for Leopold, a message which he repeated, zestfully, on the day of his confession:

"To regret an experience is to nullify it."

These books were as amazingly available for this modern youth as they seem, strangely enough, to be handy for many an adolescent boy and girl today. And this boy, like many another, was curious for a new sensation. So he drank up the mass of sensations that lurked between the covers of these volumes.

But quietly, or else in the company of Loeb. Before his father, with whom he discussed less esoteric subjects brilliantly, he remained silent concerning the facets of his brain which scintillated with sinister lore. And his father, proud of his son's attainment, encouraged him in the development of his precocity.

IT is harder to diagram Dick Loeb as he sits in his cell. He looks like somebody's younger brother who has overdrawn his college allowance and is awfully worried about it. He will be nineteen in a few days. In the last month of his seventeenth year he was graduated from the University of Michigan, its youngest graduate.

But he has been grown up ever since he was thirteen.

He never liked it, he maintains, but ever since he was a youngster he has been thrown in with older folks. And he has tried to do as he thought they expected him to do. His precocity developed into wine, then gin. Girls; then, they say, older girls.

Character analysts will point out that Loeb has the social sense which Leopold lacks; that Loeb has a sense of vanity missing in Leopold. Thus Dicky Loeb wished to be thought well of. He desired an older generation to regard him as one of its members. And, like more than one of his spiritual comrades throughout the land, this boy set the pace for his elders in trying to keep up with them.

His father had three times as many millions as Nathan's father. But he lived rather simply. That is, if you except the valet, the fine underclothing, the automobiles, the whirligig of expensive recreations.

Dicky needed a father. Nathan needed a mother. Nathan's mother died three years ago and the children lived in the big house with their father, who admired Nathan's ability. And two years ago Dick's father was stricken with heart trouble. Since then he has been a virtual invalid.

Where the bizarre "adventure in murder" started—the corner of Forty-ninth street and Ellis avenue, in a millionaire residence district of Chicago. Here Leopold and Loeb lured young Robert Franks into their automobile and killed him—"in order," their confession indicates, "to know how it felt to be murderers."

DICKY LOEB'S home life may have been too soft; it may have revolved too completely about the slogan, "Youth Will Be Served." But in many respects it was a home atmosphere envied by the mothers and fathers round about. His father is a graduate of an eastern university; his mother is a clubwoman identified with welfare work; the two had established a high place for themselves in the community of prominent Jewish people in Chicago.

Like his friend, Dicky Loeb had his book shelf. On the one side it touched the Sixteenth Century and mediæval abnormalities. On the other side, Twentieth Century abnormalities.

Then, in a far corner of the bookcase was a mass of the latest detective stories, charting the most intricate criminal puzzles. These books, plus an alert imagination, caused him to spend hours inventing "crime games," or

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puzzling out "robber games" for the fascination of himself and his chum.

The imagination of youth is active. Youth is also remarkable for the keenness of its curiosity. It is not illogical to suppose that Nathan contributed most to their companionship. His was the more active intellect, his the more profound lore. He tutored Dick in the obscure ramifications of sex, and Dick rendered his *quid pro quo* by suggesting bizarre enterprises on conduct.

Educated youth, and precocious!

Normal minded folks may prefer to call Leopold, for example, an "educated upstart" rather than an "intellectual giant." But he can't be explained away as easily as that. Not when he absorbs ideas and facts as smoothly as a piece of blotting paper sops up ink.

He's hard to classify.

Just the other night at supper, Leopold, in custody of the police, was giving his opinions on pretty nearly everything.

"You've been called an 'infant prodigy'; but that is old stuff. Give us something new," a member of the party challenged.

"Why not call Mr. Leopold the modern Thomas Babington Macaulay?" and there was real eagerness in Mr. Leopold's voice as he imitated Cæsar's mode of referring to himself as "Cæsar."

Macaulay, he is perhaps remembering, was the infant prodigy of all times. Before he was eight years old he had written a "Compendium of Universal History." It was of this precocious youth that Lord Melbourne said, seriously, "I wish I were as cocksure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything."

As cocksure of any one thing as Nathan F. Leopold Jr. is of everything.

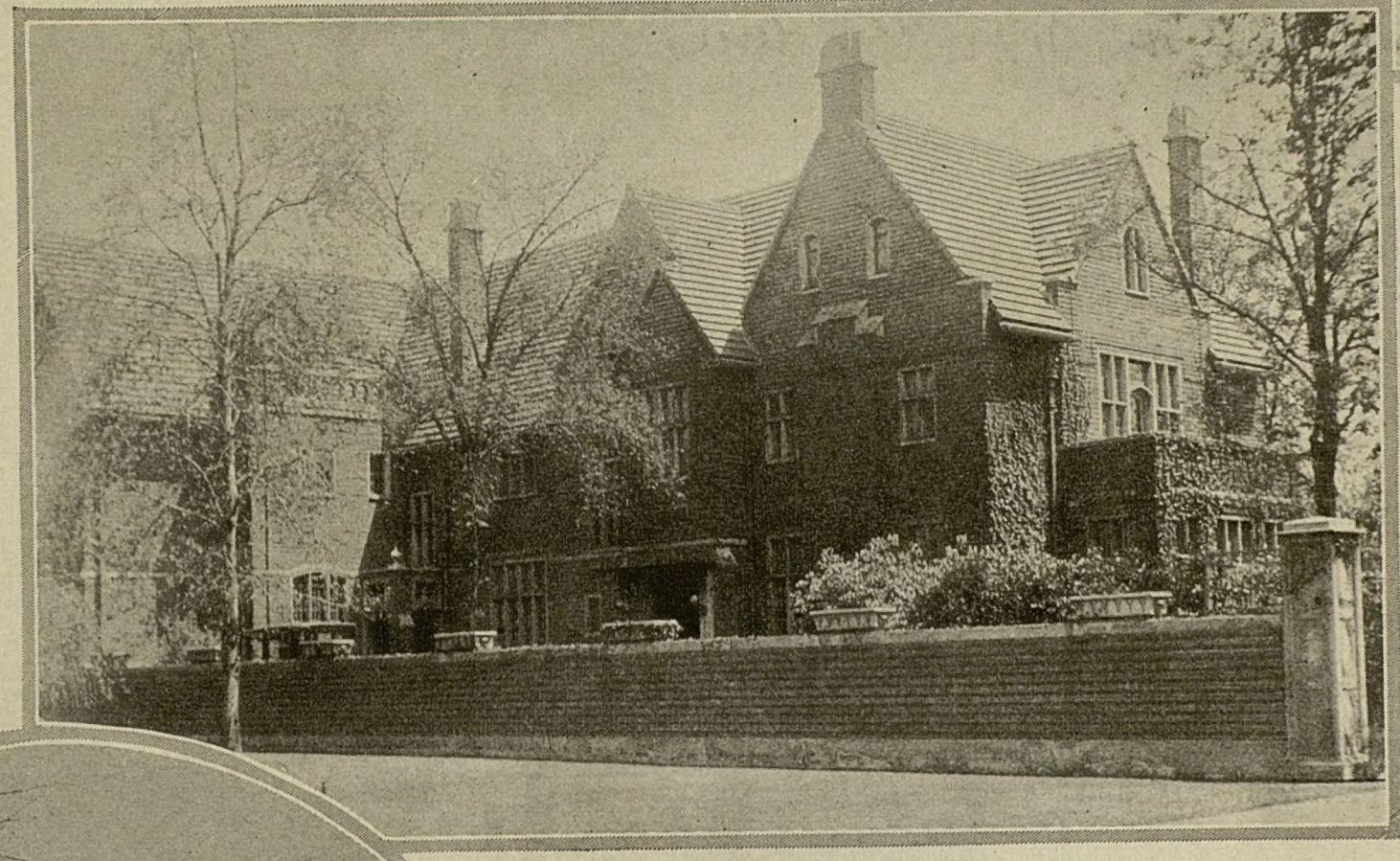
That's what gives him a common denominator with many of the normal "average" young egoists here and there in the land.

And the next moment, at this supper party, still in holiday mood, they ask him to find a synonym for "master mind," which they have called him.

Quick as a flash he shoots back, "What about 'Nietzchean colossus'?" And nobody knows whether or not he was in earnest.

But precocity and maturity, as every father and every teacher and every minister knows, are not the same thing.

At fourteen, as Dr. Herman Adler, the noted psychiatrist, points out, a boy may know enough of books to enter college. But that doesn't at all mean that he is ready for all the contacts that a college course might bring to him. All of us have known some very precocious people to do some very foolish things.



Where young Leopold dreamed his fantastic dreams. The Nathan L. Leopold residence in Chicago.

"Dicky" Loeb's home, luxurious like that of Leopold. Dicky's father is Albert H. Loeb.

Never again will Bobby Franks' boyish voice be heard here. The mansion of his father.

Parents and educators have long agreed with Dr. Hugh T. Patrick, the noted alienist, that "the intellect which enables a boy to graduate so early from school is only a part. It may be a small fraction of the total personality."

MANY a time, as they puffed rings of smoke in their luxurious apartments in their homes, as they motored to luncheon at an expensive hotel, as they wandered about near the culvert that was to be the burying ground, Leopold and Loeb, the brilliant university students, mused on the problem of life, of sensations to be still experienced, and the great adventure they confidently expected and hoped for. And they doubtless felt that their great adventure would have a termination of pleasure and power.

Every other adventure of theirs—every other enterprise in which they had collaborated to test their emotional reactions—had ended in that happy way. And as they talked they yearned to get a real "emotional kick" out of the life that had already given them so much.

It had given them strange old stories of strange old cults. It had given them philosophy. It had given them learning and its power. It had given them wealth and its power.

Nineteen and eighteen; on top of the world; and nobody had ever given them a mental spanking. Presently there wasn't anything left, they convinced themselves, except the real test, murder.

Perhaps the most law abiding of us, in his moment of whimsical egoism, has mused, "I could do a murder that nobody'd ever catch me in. They'd never get me."

Then the pipe goes out; the fire dies. It's time to go to bed, and the leisurely plotter forgets all about his plan and goes on about his business.

But the boys didn't stop there when they dreamed of a "murder that would never out."

Another installment of this searching analysis of "The Direst Murder in the History of Chicago" will appear in the next issue of LIBERTY, *when Miss Forbes will delve further into the shadowed, troublous recesses of the two strange souls who have confessed the Franks kidnaping and slaying.*

OUR OVERWORKED PRESIDENTS

By Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson U.S.N.

Personal Physician of the late Woodrow Wilson

Somebody must do something or soon the election of a President will be but a sublime way of pronouncing a death sentence upon the individual so honored, Admiral Grayson points out in this startling series of articles

President Wilson arriving in New York on board the George Washington on July 8, 1919, preparatory to laying the Versailles Treaty before the Senate. Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson is at his right.

P. & A. Photo

THE death of Woodrow Wilson, following so soon after that of President Harding, has again directed attention to the intolerable burden laid upon our Presidents. A cabinet officer is quoted as saying that no man can perform all the duties of the modern President of the United States and live. It is said that even since President Roosevelt left the White House the President's responsibilities have doubled.

It is well that attention is being called to the situation which has developed with the expansion and elaboration of our government. But are we going to do anything about it? It is human nature to forget the lessons of a catastrophe until the next catastrophe occurs.

Four Presidents had to die in office and be succeeded by Vice Presidents before any provision was made to fill the office in case the succeeding Vice President should die.

Frequently in our history only one life has stood between us and a vacant Presidential chair. By good luck, or by kind Providence, the chair has never been vacant, but after the death of Vice President Hendricks in the first Cleveland administration Congress made provision for filling the chair, after both the President and the Vice President had died, by a system of selections from the cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State and ending with the Secretary of Labor. Nothing short of a cataclysm now could leave the chair vacant.

Three Presidents were assassinated before laws were passed for the full protection of the Presidents by a secret service bodyguard.

Possibly several more Presidents shall have to break down under the strain of office before we devise practical measures to protect them. It would be foolish and sorrowful to sit by like spectators at a play and watch a repetition of this tragedy. We are a practical people and where there is a will there is a way. It is my wish in this article to arouse attention to the situation as it is, to try to diagnosticate the disease, and to offer a few suggestions for remedy.

IN stating that I have had professional association with three Presidents I am not seeking self-exploitation, but am merely presenting my credentials and trying to explain why I feel it a duty to speak now. I was a young and subordinate physician in association with other

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Keeping stride with her sons and daughters

The modern mother is a real factor in the lives of her children. She is keeping her youth, her charm

A NEW vision has come to the modern mother. With the simplification of home activities, she has at last begun to have time for a new outlook on life.

She is striving now to be more than a housewife—to be a mother in the fullest sense—to keep in the swing of youthful interests.

Keeping young involves more than looking young. It comes from the buoyancy of feeling young. It necessitates, first of all, the prevention of sickness.

Every illness breaks down your reserve energy, weakens your system. The sickly, weak mother is hardly an inspiring companion for her intense, eager children.

Feminine hygiene— a health measure

MODERN physicians find that most feminine illnesses are caused by bacterial infections—which can be prevented. Regular feminine hygiene has come to be a recognized health measure for women.

Soap-and-water cleanliness for feminine hygiene is insufficient. Complete *antiseptic* cleanliness is vital. "Lysol" Disinfectant is today the leading antiseptic for this purpose, because it is both effective and safe.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. Tests made by pouring "Lysol" into water, stirring well and then examining this solution under the microscope, show that every single drop is clear and transparent—there are no undissolved globules. This means that "Lysol" is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life.

Does not irritate the delicate tissues

AT THE same time "Lysol" is neutral. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportion, it does not irritate. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate internal tissues.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

Be sure you get genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, packed only in yellow cartons in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in non-breakable traveler's package (50 cents). Sold by all drug stores.

The coupon will bring you the free "Lysol" booklet.

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"I DON'T want to be relegated to the background in my children's lives," says a modern mother. "So I keep myself young, alert, interested."

Thousands of women are reading this booklet

WE HAVE prepared a booklet which gives facts, backed by the authority of leading physicians about the correct use of "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It explains in detail the scientific method by which modern women are preserving their youth and health—making the most of every precious hour, every drop of energy.

In addition to giving this information and explicit directions for making the right solutions for feminine hygiene, the booklet also tells the many other uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant.

This booklet is free. Sign and mail the coupon today and it will be sent to you promptly.

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Mail me, without charge, your booklet which gives complete information and directions for the use of "Lysol" in feminine hygiene.

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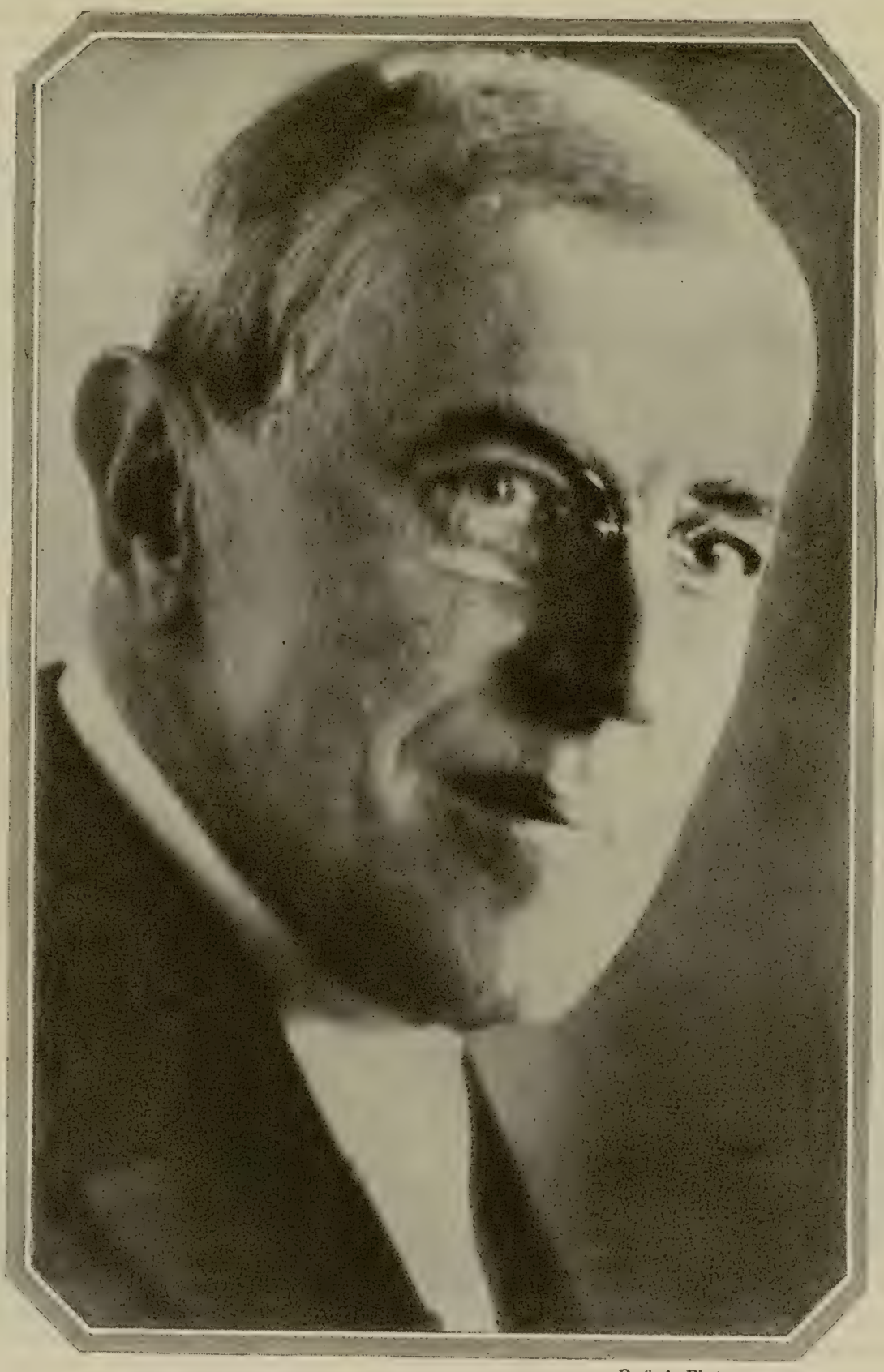

P. & A. Photo

Three contrasting studies of Woodrow Wilson as war President and afterward. Center—The war President in his prime, before the strain of his duties had begun to tell. At left—His first picture following his retirement, taken on his sixty-fifth birthday anniversary. Here the effects of his collapse and illness are shown clearly. At right—Mr. Wilson at home after his health had mended a bit.

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physicians to President Roosevelt; I was in close contact with the White House during President Taft's administration, and I was medical officer to President Wilson throughout his two terms.

Because of the widespread interest in the problem of preserving the health of our Presidents I am venturing to give my professional opinions and suggestions, which, in a measure, are based upon what I have learned in my White House contacts.

I wish to issue solemn warnings, first, to the Presidents themselves; secondly, to the general public; thirdly, to the politicians who make exorbitant and, at times, selfish demands upon the President, and fourthly, to the civic bodies, fraternal societies, and various kinds of associations whose claims for attention make heavy drafts upon the President's vitality.

But, first, let me as a physician state in simple language the medical situation, and call attention to the perils of fatigue and strain upon men who have reached the ordinary presidential age.

As a rule the President is over fifty when he comes into office. This means that he has passed the age of resiliency—that he cannot, like a young man, overstrain himself and rebound to perfect health.

It is a true proverb that a man is as old as his arteries. It is also true that the average man's arteries are hardening before he is fifty, and that the more pressure put upon him after fifty the more rapidly do his arteries harden and his powers of endurance weaken. It is in recognition of these simple physiological facts that it is becoming so general now for men who are financially able to lessen their work after fifty, whereas in the case of the President we have a necessary reversal of this situation. Generally speaking, the President must increase rather than decrease his labor after he becomes President. Therefore, there is a certain inevitable peril attached to the presidency. The President cannot be an idle man. He must work, and he must work hard, and it is to protect him against irrational and unnecessary strains that I am writing this article, which is based upon long acquaintance with men in responsible positions.

P. & A. Photo

One of Wilson's last pictures, taken at Harding funeral. Mrs. Wilson is with him.

Ordinary fatigue produces deteriorating effects on mind and body, from which reaction becomes more difficult with each year after fifty. The heart under strain becomes dilated. The elasticity of the blood vessels has diminished. The nervous strain has a wearing effect upon the heart and kidneys and the digestive organs. Increased mental effort without proper relaxation tends to produce arterio sclerosis (hardening of the arteries). Continued overstrain produces high blood pressure, and when this condition persists the patient is in danger of rupturing a blood vessel in the brain, which is known as apoplexy.

TO my mind the tragedy of the situation exists in the fact that the great proportion of the strain that is put upon the President is quite unnecessary.

There is no reason why he should grow older more rapidly than any ordinary busy man of the same age. He would not if he were left free to apply his mind and strength to the major burdens of the office, and if relieved of a

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vast number of minor details which, upon close examination, appear to be scarcely duties at all but merely unimportant social obligations.

This principle is recognized in industrial institutions. Boards of directors do not permit their presidents to exhaust themselves in unimportant details. They realize that as a purely financial proposition they cannot afford to pay the presidents to do the work which should be delegated to subordinates; that their presidents must be kept strong, physically and mentally, in order that they may apply their best energies to the major problems of the institutions.

But with all the honor that we accord to the Chief Executive of the United States, we seem as a nation in our thoughtlessness to value his life far less than corporations value the lives of their presidents and chairmen of directing boards.

Because I have deep convictions, founded on my experience as a physician and fortified by my special experience with Presidents, I wish to speak with great emphasis, first, to the Presidents themselves.

I am not presuming to usurp the function of any special medical attendant of any particular President. I am speaking, as it were, to occupants of the chair in the long line of succession, and I am speaking of such fundamental matters that I am quite sure all medical attendants of all Presidents would indorse what I am saying.

The more experience I get in my profession the less importance do I attach to drugs—the more importance do I attach to preventive medicine. It is better to keep well than to be cured. Presidents owe it to themselves and to the nation not to break down if it is possible to prevent it.

P. & A. Photo

At the Harding inauguration.—A remarkable study of President Wilson and President-elect Harding. The latter also, it is declared, died as a result of overwork.

THE case of Mr. Wilson illustrates two things: First, how the President may keep well for a long time under the burden of a great office; and, secondly, how in the end he may break down because he may reach a crisis in which he feels that duty is paramount over life.

Mr. Wilson was not a robust man when he entered the White House. At first it was difficult to persuade him to take the necessary care of himself. I began to make headway only when I presented physical care of himself as a duty which he owed to the nation and to himself. In these persuasions I had notable cooperation from his wife, and it should be said right here that wives of Presidents must always play an important rôle in assisting them to keep well.

It is not possible to lay down a general rule for all individuals. Every physician understands that there should be a dietary which would furnish the individual with the required amount of calories and vitamins, but to say, in general, in what articles of food the individual should supply himself with these essentials is not possible for the simple reason that one man's food is another man's poison.

While Mr. Wilson was not temperamentally of a playful nature, I was able to persuade him to make play a part of his daily program, which included golf, walking, motoring, an occasional horseback ride, with fairly periodic attendance at the theaters in the evenings, plenty of sleep, and relaxation of his mind in conversation with people with whom he really liked to talk.

Conversation may be a restorative or it may be an additional source of exhaustion. Mr. Wilson did not like society, in the general meaning of the word. He was criticized for not caring for it enough. But he chose his own talking companions.

He had an extraordinary power of concentration on what he was doing and could fix his attention as completely on a golf ball as he could on a national policy, and thus by changing his mental focuses got complete relief from too prolonged periods of tension. He had remarkable possession of himself.

He made it a rule to transact business with heads of departments, declined to see subordinates, and thereby saved himself from the many minor details which exhaust energy as much as considerations of large policies. For instance, he left minor postoffice appointments to the Postmaster General.

When he had an important paper or message to prepare, he shut himself off from visitors and worked uninterruptedly. He knew that safeguarding his time was safeguarding his strength, and so he ignored the criticism of those who protested that he was extremely difficult to get at.

Among the principles I would prescribe for Presidents in general is a hardening of their hearts against petty criticism instead of hardening their arteries with too many minor and unnecessary worries.

BUT the reader is thinking that all this is about a man who, after all, broke down. His is one of the tragedies which is calling attention to this whole matter of the amelioration of the President's duties.

Yes, he did break down, but not until after his trip to Europe. When he sailed for Europe the first time he was in excellent condition. It was the strain of incessant labor there over a great matter, which he believed could be put through in a comparatively short time, and tempted him, beyond even his firmness of will, to trespass against the rules of health, that caused the breakdown.

Repeatedly he would say to me, when I would protest against the hard pace he was driving:

"Just give me a few weeks longer and we will finish up this business and return home to our regular routine."

Unfortunately, he met a political situation at home that prevented him from relaxing.

This man who had been so methodical and systematic, and previously so obedient to his physician's suggestions, had reached a point where he felt that his life counted for little as against the putting through of a policy which he believed would be for the welfare of our own nation as well as for the world at large.

All my arguments in opposition to a trip which I knew would have a deleterious effect upon him were unavailing to keep him from starting on it or from continuing it after I knew that he should not press himself further. The best I could do—and this I did do—was to stop him before he actually broke.

When a great spirited President is confronted with an emergency which, to his mind, is more important than his own life, then the medical attendant begins to lose some of his authority.

He can argue, and even implore, but he cannot order the President away from his duty any more than an army surgeon can order a commander away from the point of danger during the battle. In such conditions a doctor can only do his best at a disadvantage.

THE END

Another thoughtful article by Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, entitled "How Can We Save Our Presidents?" will appear soon in LIBERTY. *It will go deeply into problems of the presidential office that concern every American citizen. In it the navy officer who served as personal physician to Woodrow Wilson when the latter was President, describes the onerous social duties which beset all Presidents. He gives warning that certain measures, which he sets forth, must be taken to protect our Presidents.*

Fluffy-haired Elsie Was a Favorite with Men Because She Made the Most of Her Attractions—a Fact Which Forms the Motif of—

Aurelia Cultivates Charm

A Short Story of a Girl Who Hid Behind Horn Spectacles

By Elizabeth Jordan

Illustrated by RALPH P. COLEMAN

"It's the most wonderful book you ever wrote," she vibrantly assured him.

IT was at twenty minutes after five o'clock, Thursday afternoon, the twenty-first day of June, that Aurelia Hill Wheeler decided to become charming.

Up till that time she had been a "nice girl"—a quiet, refined, self-respecting, hard working stenographer in the offices of Barnes & Constable, publishers. Being a nice girl, she had been imposed upon by her employers and fellow workers. She was obliging, therefore she was given innumerable opportunities to oblige. She was quiet, therefore her associates did all the talking. She was discreet, so they poured into her ears their undesired confidences. She was willing and energetic, so they overworked her.

They made one mistake. They thought Aurelia did not realize what they were doing. They were wrong. Aurelia was much more clever than her associates realized.

Aurelia had discovered, for example, that Elsie Merrick—her rival stenographer in the counting room—was winning her popularity and her rising salary not by ability alone but also by the deliberate exercise of charm. While Aurelia was overworking nine hours a day, Elsie was working about seven, and being charming on the side. In themselves Elsie's methods were not objectionable. Aurelia recognized this fact and dispassionately catalogued them.

Elsie made the most of each of her attractions. The list of them was not long—no longer, indeed, than Aurelia's list. Both girls had youth, both had fresh complexions and nice teeth and good dispositions. In the matter of figure Aurelia scored. She was slender and carried herself well, whereas Elsie was short and a trifle too plump.

On the other hand, Elsie dressed well and wore her clothes with an air. Her gowns were simple, depending for their effect on good

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lines, on touches of the right color in the right place, and on the way she carried them. She wore chains to help out her color schemes and a wrist watch on a plain black band, but no other jewelry. Her blonde hair was bobbed and fluffy and her blue eyes were not concealed behind glasses.

AURELIA, while immaculately neat, was oversevere in the matter of dress. She kept to tailor made coats and skirts because they were comfortable, and she clung to silk waists long after the overblouse was brightening a gray world. She wore her brown hair in a sedate French knot and fastened it with a sedate brown side comb. Indeed, her characteristic note was a gentle sedateness, emphasized by her large horn spectacles and by a primness of manner she was beginning to take on. The men in the office called Aurelia "sensible," and asked her to take their dictations when they were in a hurry. They called Elsie a "pippin" and called for her when they had more leisure; Elsie's charming process took time, and the man who was the object of it did not like to feel rushed.

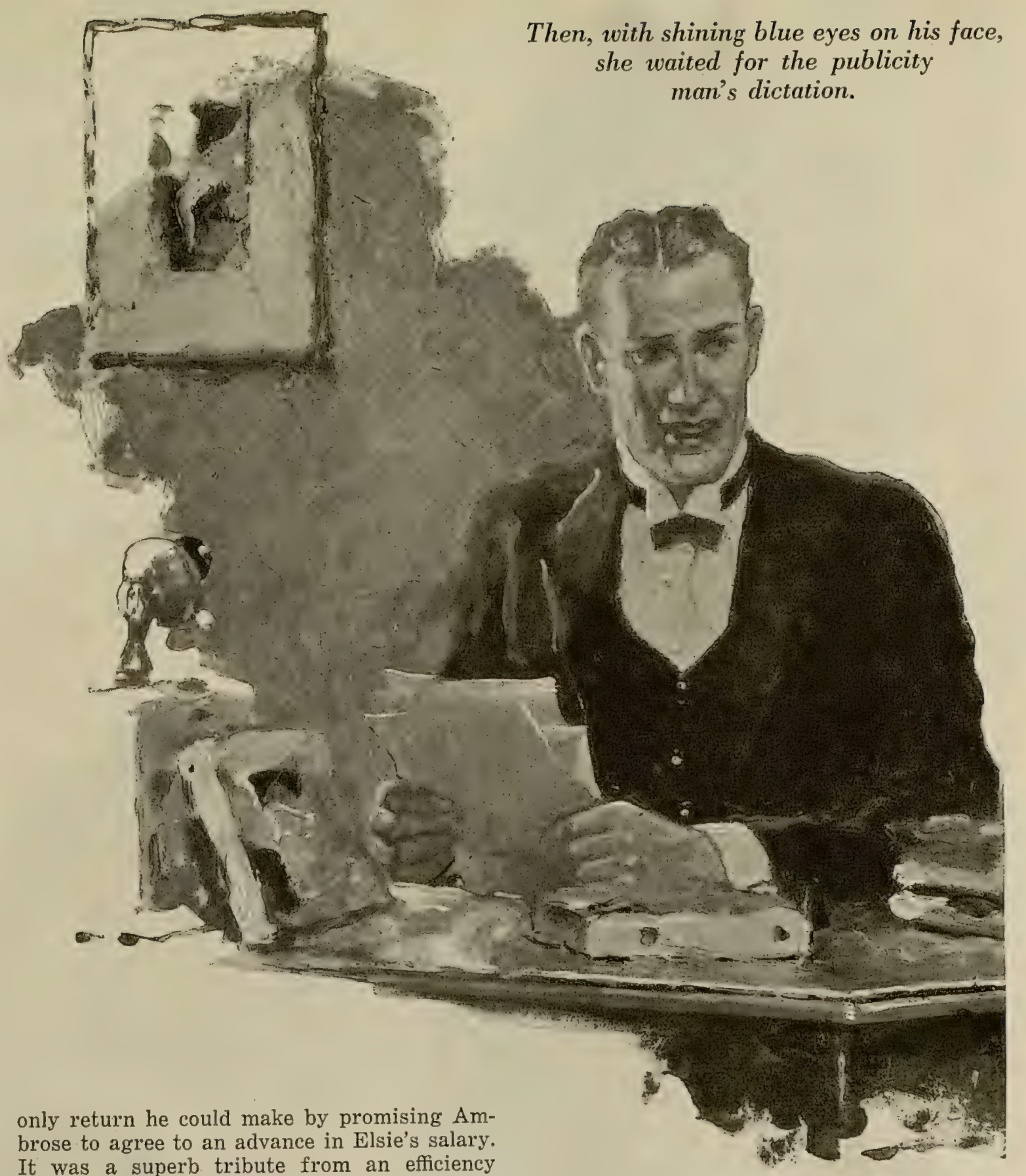
Behind her horn spectacles Aurelia had continued to study the "charming" process. She had frequent opportunities. The publicity man's desk was near hers, and he invariably sent for Elsie Merrick to take his dictation. Aurelia understood why. The publicity man's life was a hard one. His job was to satisfy both his publishers and his authors, and he rarely succeeded in satisfying any of them. He needed warmth and color injected into the grayness of his days, and Elsie Merrick supplied these. When she came to his desk she came with a little rush, as if she had been waiting all day for that summons, and she settled down beside the desk like a bird sinking into its nest. Then, with shining blue eyes on his face, she waited for the dictation.

Ambrose, the publicity man, was young, but he was no fool. He knew Elsie approached the desk of every man in the office in the same way, and that her eyes rested on many other faces with the same look of girlish hero worship. But he was sure she did not gurgle irrepressibly over their letters as she did over his nor draw the quick breaths of admiration over their correspondence evoked from her by the cleverness of his dictated advertisements. Elsie never interrupted, of course, but every time he made a good point Elsie, as it were, rang the bell, as he had known she would. Whereas Aurelia Hill Wheeler took his most brilliant dictation with the emotion a slot machine shows in receiving nickels.

Then, in the afternoon of Thursday, the twenty-first day of June, Elsie had been informed by the efficiency manager that henceforth her salary would be thirty-five dollars a week—five dollars more than Aurelia's!

AURELIA understood that, too. The efficiency manager was a lonely man. Nobody loved him. But he had begun to feel there was some one in the office who admired him. There was no question that Elsie Merrick was impressed by the ability with which he moved about the kings and queens and pawns on the Barnes & Constable chessboard. She was more subtle with him than with Ambrose, the publicity man, but she let it be seen that she simply reverenced a man of his strong, almost ruthless type.

As was Ambrose, Frederick Howells, the efficiency manager, was happily married. Dreams of Elsie did not disturb his slumbers, but she was a tiny oasis in his desert, and he made the only return he could make by promising Ambrose to agree to an advance in Elsie's salary. It was a superb tribute from an efficiency manager, and though he immediately made up for it by cutting down the salary of a stenographer in another department, it immensely impressed the staff. Also Aurelia Hill Wheeler, immediately hearing of Elsie's raise, suddenly decided to be charming herself. She would imitate Elsie's methods.



Then, with shining blue eyes on his face, she waited for the publicity man's dictation.

Within five minutes after she had made this decision her opportunity came to put it into practice. The general manager himself stopped at her desk. He was a man of few words and he addressed her characteristically.

"Mind stayin' few minutes and takin' a letter?" he jerked out. "'T's important."

He was turning away when Aurelia's reply checked him. There was a new quality in her voice. Hearing it, a stylist would probably have remarked that it "throbbed with feeling." The general manager was not a stylist, but he caught the throb.

"Why, Mr. Morris," said Aurelia, "you know I'd do anything in the world for *you!*"

Mr. Morris stared at her. It was so large a response to so trivial a request that it caught his attention. Then he said, "Humph!" and passed on, looking thoughtful.

Aurelia contentedly followed him to his desk and raised shining eyes to the general manager's face. The shining eyes were a mistake. Aurelia should have remembered the horn rimmed spectacles. The general manager merely got the impression that Miss Wheeler was in a hurry.

"A' right; a' right," he muttered irritably. "Soon's I find that address——"

"Why, Mr. Morris," Aurelia's words came in chest tones, "don't feel hurried. We have the whole evening."

"I haven't," Mr. Morris snapped, but insensibly he felt soothed. He found the address and dictated an important letter.

"S'all," he said. "Thanks."

Aurelia looked at the litter of papers on his desk.

"Why don't you give me the rest now," she asked, "and have them off your mind? You look so tired and worn," she softly added.

IT was the voice in which she made the suggestion that caught the general manager's attention. There was a certain cajoling, maternal quality which was rather pleasant at the end of an infernally hard day. He looked at Aurelia and Aurelia gazed back, handicapped by the spectacles, but doing her best.

The general manager was suddenly and surprisingly interested. He saw that Aurelia was sorry for him. She'd probably heard about his unpleasantness with Howells. The office was a hotbed of gossip, and of course every one knew that, though he himself was supposed to be in charge, Howells held the real authority. Nice girl! The general manager

responded to Aurelia's voice and glance as naturally and inevitably as an electric bell in good condition rings when it is pressed. Settling back in his big armchair, he talked about himself and his troubles.

It was after half past six when his monologue ended. Aurelia had unconsciously lengthened it by taking off her spectacles. She did not need them when she was not writing. She was much more attractive without them, and Mr. Morris subtly felt the change. At twenty minutes of seven he glanced at his watch and gave a spectacular start.

"Great Scott!" he jerked out. His surprise was nothing to Aurelia's. She could not believe that it was almost seven o'clock. She had the aspect of one who has been brusquely awakened from a delightful dream.

"Ne' mind the letters," muttered the general manager. "Send off the one I gave you. We'll do the rest in the mornin'."

The unusual outpouring into sympathetic ears had done him good. He rode uptown in the subway, relaxed and comforted. He remembered with compunction that he had cost the girl her dinner. Well, at least he could straighten that out the next day if he happened to remember it. There was a lot more to the girl than he had thought. Odd how he had let himself go. Didn't remember talking so much in years.

Alone in the big counting room, Aurelia wrote her letter, signed and mailed, and, these duties done, started for her uptown boarding house. She was too late for dinner, so she would have to dine out.

She felt excited, very much alive, very much pleased with the initial experience of her new departure. The experience had been unusual and interesting. She desired more unusual and interesting experiences. She would go home, dress carefully, and dine in some good restaurant.

Aurelia remembered hearing that a new Russian restaurant had been started in her uptown neighborhood. The table d'hôte dinner was said to be very good. No other than the leading social authority of Mrs. Stephens' boarding house had told her so—young Jim Warrener, a college man, who had an office job on an afternoon newspaper and who, being thus connected with the press, naturally knew all things.

WARRENER was a nice youngster, a little spoiled, perhaps, but sweet natured and clean minded. To Aurelia he represented the lofty heights of the gay social world. He often dined out. Aurelia liked to picture to herself the brilliant social scenes in which he figured. He treated her politely, but she knew that she was less than the dust beneath his chariot wheels, and she humbly accepted the knowledge. She was used to having chariot wheels pass over her.

Tonight she had a feeling she did not quite understand. It accompanied her uptown in the subway, in the short cross-town walk to the boarding house, and up two flights of stairs to her own room. There it deserted her, frightened off by the matter of fact surroundings. Aurelia set her teeth and called that feeling backagain. The girl who had lived in that room for two years had departed forever. Henceforth a new personality would occupy the room and would have chintz curtains and easy chairs, and lots of brilliant sofa cushions, and an open fire.

In the meantime there was the Russian restaurant. There, too, was a new one piece gown Aurelia had recently bought, with inward misgiving caused by the fact that it had a gay bit of Balkan trimming. She decided to wear that tonight. She would not need a hat. She would put on the new gown and a full length cape which, in a pinch, might pass as an evening coat, and she would leave off her spectacles and she would telephone for a taxicab.

It would be an expensive evening, but certainly some sort of outward celebration seemed a fitting accompaniment to her radical—and successful—change of heart and policy. She meant to be not only a charming woman but a woman of the world—the sort in whom men confided. Hadn't the general manager talked to her about himself for an hour? Aurelia's sense of power returned.

Aurelia descended the two flights of stairs leading to the street door, and then, drawing the long cape around her, tripped down the street steps of the house and entered the wait-

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ing taxicab. Several fellow boarders in Mrs. Stephens' "high class boarding house" saw her departure, and, flattening eager noses against the window pane, observed with startled eyes the transformation of the "third floor back" into a worldly young person with rhinestone pins in her hair.

The taxicab ride was very short. Aurelia would have liked to prolong it. She was basking in the sensation of being a charming woman of the world going out to dinner. Arrived at her destination, she paid the chauffeur, tipped him handsomely, and entered the big restaurant with outward dignity but inward trepidation.

SHE received an immediate and dazzling impression of color and of sound. The walls of the large room had been decorated by a Russian artist whose art was untrammeled by tradition. The room was square, with a wide, raised platform running around a circular dancing floor. On this raised platform were many tables, large and small, with carefree persons dining at them. On top of one of the largest tables a young girl with fluffy bobbed hair was dancing among the plates of her fellow diners and, Aurelia appreciatively observed, without getting her feet into any of the plates. At another table a very solemn young man was on his feet making a speech to which no one listened. At the room's far end, on a built-up stage, a Russian orchestra was playing The Wooden Soldier.

A waiter in a blue smock led Aurelia to a table. She ordered the table d'hôte dinner, threw her cape over the back of her chair, and looked around. It was a thrilling moment and her heart swelled. She was really living at last, after waiting twenty-four years for life to begin. It was all so wonderful that nothing really could have added to the marvel of it. Her brain was a cup that had been filled. So she was not startled, nor even greatly thrilled, when a familiar but surprised voice addressed her:

"Why, Miss Wheeler, what are you doing here? I didn't suppose you ever came to these frivolous joints!"

Aurelia glanced up. Habit is strong, and a sedate rejoinder was on the tip of her tongue. She was about to explain hastily that she didn't often come to such frivolous joints, that she had never come to one before, and that she came tonight only because she had missed her dinner downtown, but she caught a twinkle of amusement mingled with amazement in the blue eyes of young Jim Warrener, and she suddenly remembered her rôle. She smiled languidly.

"I don't think you know very much about me," she said, and gave him a long look.

It was Elsie Merrick's best look, kept for big moments, and it always did its work. Under it Jim Warrener blinked a little. The twinkle died in his eyes as he stared down at Aurelia. He had hardly known her without the horn rimmed spectacles. Her eyes were quite remarkable.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked vibrantly.

Jim Warrener sat down, to his own surprise. He had not intended to waste more than a moment or two on Miss Wheeler. But it had interested him to see her there, and he had paused for an explanation. If she had given it he would have bidden her a cheerful good-night and gone back to his own table. But now his interest was caught and held. The girl was pretty. Odd he hadn't noticed that before—probably because he had never really seen her behind those blinders she wore. But it wasn't alone her appearance that held him. There was something different about her tonight—something unusual in her manner and more especially in her voice.

"One isn't always what one seems," Aurelia murmured in quiet but throbbing tones. She rested her elbows on the table, leaned her chin on her hands, and gave him another look. "You're not, I'm sure," she went on softly. "I used to wonder when you first came to the house if you were always as happy as you seemed. Then I saw that you weren't."

"You did?" Warrener was amazed. "How did you know it?" Unconsciously he sank lower in his chair.

She smiled.

"O, not from anything you said or did," she told him. "You're not the sort of man to show your inner feelings."

"No."

Jim Warrener shook his head, unconscious that he was frankly revealing his inner feelings now and that his strongest inner feeling was blank amazement. Aurelia's vibrant voice went on under cover of the music.

"I think it was the expression in your eyes more than anything else," she said, and gave him another look. "But I'm getting very personal. I suppose it's because, somehow, when you came you seemed to fit in with the music—and all the rest of it."

James Warrener subsided into his chair with the effect of a corner stone slowly settling into place.

"Say, Miss Wheeler," he urgently suggested, "may I have the waiter bring the rest of my dinner here?"

"Please do." Another look.

"Sure you don't mind?" Young Warrener with difficulty removed his gaze from hers long enough to glance around for the waiter.

"I'd love it." Again those vibrant tones.

"It's simply wonderful, meeting you like this," Jim told her, and he thought he was speaking sincerely. "I always wanted to know you better, but I didn't think I ever would."

Aurelia thrilled—and hesitated. As a woman of charm she was only three hours old and she was conscious of inexperience. So far she had done very well, but there were pitfalls ahead and some instinct warned her that one of these yawned before her. It was wholly a matter of luck that she avoided it. With all her heart she wanted to talk about herself—and he had given her such a good opening! If she had yielded to the impulse she would have awakened from her dream a little later to find herself in the pit and alone. Young Warrener would have remembered an engagement and fled. Blind instinct, aided by a natural consideration for others, made her take the right turn.

"Your life is so full," she murmured. "I shouldn't think you'd have time for any new friends."

Her oysters came and Warrener sent the waiter to look for his own servitor. Aurelia, her position at the table unchanged, dropped her eyes for a moment and then raised them so suddenly and soulfully that Jim caught his breath. It was Exhibit Number Two from Elsie Merrick's little bag of tricks.

"Women must be simply crazy about you!" Aurelia said in an undertone.

After that it was so easy that it was almost uninteresting. Jim Warrener was a nice chap. He did not take advantage of the opportunity to describe his conquests. But he did admit almost immediately that no one understood him, and he told Aurelia all about his troubles in the newspaper office.

Aurelia listened, ate a very good dinner, followed the music, and watched the dancers who had now begun to crowd the dancing floor. Her part in the tête-à-tête had become that of the Listening Ear—an ear frequently thrilled, sometimes awed, always understanding. She had few opportunities to contribute to the monologue. At intervals she murmured, "That was like you!" or "Yes, you would do it just that way." Sometimes she looked at him in an almost startled fashion, as if she would never have thought of such a thing and was simply awed by his thinking of it. She did not laugh at all. Elsie Merrick, she had observed, smiled often but rarely laughed. When Aurelia smiled, it was slowly and with meaning, and she almost overworked her eyes. They certainly ached that night when she got home. But Aurelia assured herself it was because they missed their glasses.

Three times, no more, she danced with her new friend. Only once did she revert to the familiar rôle of business woman. This was when the waiter brought the checks and Warrener insisted on paying for Aurelia's dinner. She started a brisk protest, then bit her lip, and took the check from him with a languid smile.

"O, I must be indulged about this, I really must," she begged. "Please let me have my way, you masterful man."

So Warrener let her have her way and then took her home in a taxicab. At the foot of the hall stairs, in the tiny glim of light which was all the frugal Mrs. Stephens gave her boarders after eleven o'clock, Jim took Aurelia's hand and looked down at her.

"This evening has been simply ripping!" he warmly told her. "It was the biggest kind of luck to meet you. Will you go out to dinner with me soon?"

"Perhaps. Good-night."

AURELIA looked at him, smiled at him, and went on upstairs. Young Warrener stood where she had left him, staring after her and resisting a desire to sit down on the lowest step to think her over. Evidently she had two natures—the keen, incisive business side, and the other side he had seen for the first time tonight—an intensely feminine side, sympathetic, understanding, and, yes, actually alluring. Alluring was certainly the word.

That night he dreamed that Aurelia, in her huge horn rimmed spectacles, was dancing on their boarding house table with a wooden soldier. When he awoke he recalled the dream and smiled. Funny what a new impression he had got of the girl at that restaurant. He'd probably find her the same as she always had been the next time they met. He rather hoped she wouldn't have those big blinkers on.

She didn't.

The first thing Aurelia did the next morning was to hunt up a becoming pair of gold rimmed nose glasses she had discarded a year before in favor of the spectacles. They were not as comfortable as the latter, but they were much more elegant. And, of course, no charming woman would wear horn rimmed spectacles if she could avoid doing so.

Also she went without her luncheon to go uptown during the noon hour and have her hair marcelled and dressed. The effect was extremely becoming.

"Hello!" said the literary adviser of the publishing house, stopping at her desk and gazing at her with interest. "Going to a party?"

"No," said Aurelia briefly. She was busy and had forgotten her rôle.

"Then I bet you've fallen in love," remarked the literary adviser, who had a frivolous na-

"Why, Miss Wheeler, what are you doing here? I didn't suppose you ever came to these frivolous joints."

ture. Aurelia remembered what she was.

"I never make bets," she said softly, and looked at him.

The literary adviser was bald and fat and fifty-five and deeply interested in his meals. But the look registered. He waddled away, glancing back. Aurelia was unconscious of his interest. She had merely given him that look to keep in practice. She devoted a little more time to a distinguished author who came in to glance over the press reviews of his latest novel. It was one of Aurelia's tasks to paste all book reviews into a fat scrapbook and let authors groan or gloat over them. The notices of this author's book were good. He exuded contentment as he read them.

"Here's one from *The Star* that I hadn't seen at all," he told Aurelia. "I felt sure my clipping bureau wasn't sending me everything."

Aurelia gave him one of Elsie's looks.

"It's the most wonderful book you ever wrote," she vibrantly assured him.

"You think so?" The author glanced at her kindly. The girl was intelligent and she kept her scrapbook very nicely.

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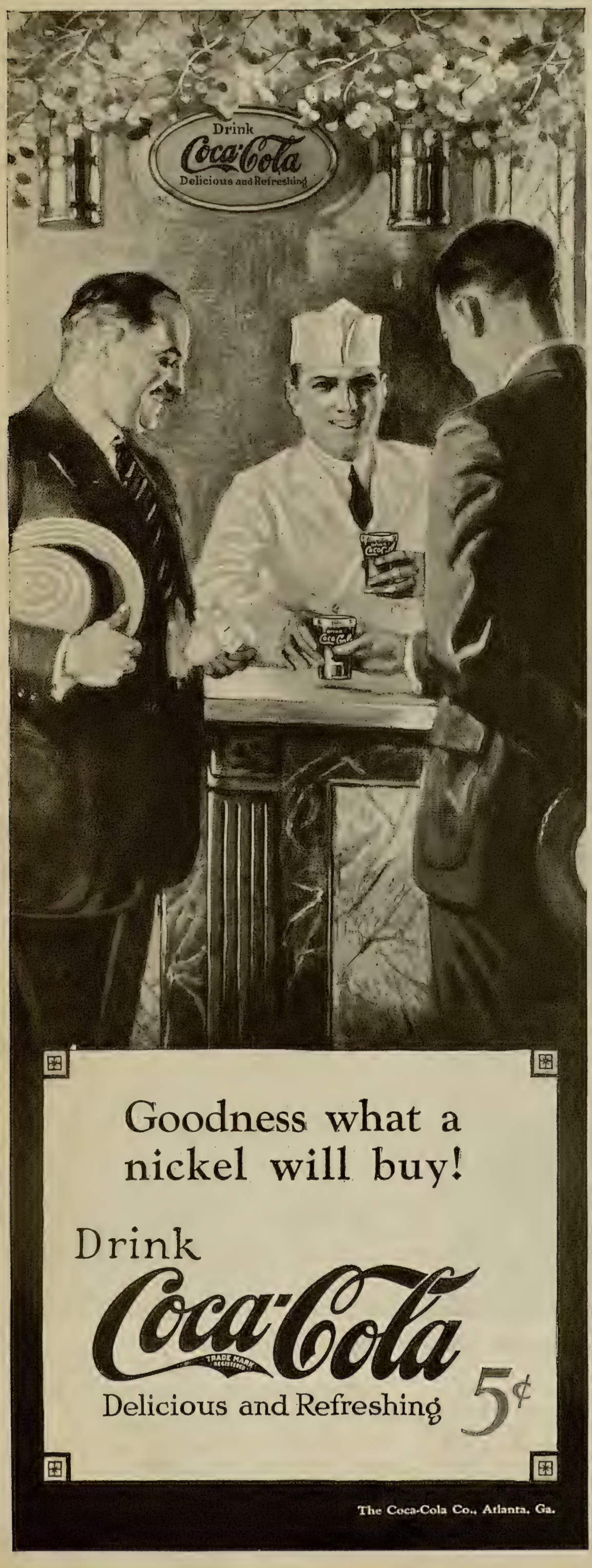


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"Yes, I didn't sleep at all the night I finished it. But then—your books always have that effect on me!"

Aurelia had heard Elsie Merrick say this to another author. Possibly she had said it to this author, in which case its effect now might be lessened. But apparently she had not. The author was looking at Aurelia with attention.

"How does it feel to be a genius?" Aurelia asked him, in chest tones, and she threw in a smile and another long look.

THE author sat down beside her desk and told her it made one feel very lonely. He added that few, if any, understood one. Aurelia realized this, and she had an explanation for it. She said genius put one on such a lofty pinnacle, so far above one's fellows that others could not reach it if they would. They could only stand below and look up with love and reverence.

Aurelia was afraid she was overdoing it a trifle, but it seems she was not, especially as she threw in a shy, adoring smile. The author remained at her desk a long time, telling Aurelia about his methods of work. It sadly interfered with her method, which was simply to get her work done. But the general manager, strolling past her desk to see if she looked the same today as she had looked last night, grinned his approval of the tête-à-tête; and it reminded him to tell the cashier to put through a voucher for Miss Wheeler's downtown dinner, as he had kept her working late the previous evening.

The author went over to the literary adviser's desk to tell the latter what an interesting girl Miss Wheeler was, and the literary adviser agreed with him warmly and without the surprise he might have experienced a day earlier over such an expression of opinion.

Later in the afternoon the efficiency manager, having come by chance across the check for Aurelia's dinner the night before, and having recently and robustly determined to stop that sort of thing in the office, strolled over to Miss Wheeler's desk to find out how often she was in the habit of charging her dinners to the firm. Aurelia was weary of being charming by this time, but she valiantly whipped herself up to another performance. The efficiency manager was worth it.

"I'm so sorry it's putting *you* to all this trouble, Mr. Howells," she said, shyly emphasizing the personal pronoun and speaking in contralto. And she turned Elsie's best look on him.

Unfortunately the efficiency manager missed it, but he caught the new tone.

"O, it's all right this time," he said, less brusquely than usual. "Long's it's the rule." It was the voice that made him add, "I suppose you go to Wallace's. You'd get better food at Chilton's, and have fewer headaches if you ate there."

"I'll go to Chilton's hereafter, as *you* advise it. But I never have headaches." Again the subtle emphasis. "It's awfullly good of you to think of it," Aurelia went on. "I don't see how *you* can, with all you've got on *your* mind."

The efficiency manager was about to explain brutally that it was part of his job to keep in working order the human machinery around him; but though his lips parted, no words came. He had just got the full effect of a shy, admiring look.

Aurelia went on: "It's enough to give *you* headaches, but I don't suppose you ever had one in your life. I never knew a man who radiated such health and vitality. I think of it every time I see you cross the floor." She stopped and dropped her eyes. "Excuse me," she added, in soft confusion. "I'm afraid I was thinking out loud."

The efficiency manager waved a tolerant paw. He had got up that morning with a touch of liver, but as a rule he kept himself in pretty good condition and he didn't care who knew it. Aurelia had heard him remark that it was criminal to be sick. However, not wishing to looked pleased, he frowned. Aurelia's heart sank. It appeared that for once Elsie's methods had failed. The irresistible force of charm had struck the immovable soul of an efficiency manager. The mere suspicion of her lack of success made the blood rush to Aurelia's face. She had not realized how horribly embarrassing it would be to try to be charming and not be able to put it over.

The deep blush did what the other appeals had seemingly failed to do. Howells thought that he understood. She had tried to be especially nice to him and not to show any feeling of resentment; but only the day before her fellow stenographer had received an increase of salary, and naturally this girl, whose work was exactly as good, was cut up by the injustice of the thing. He suspected that she had been working up to the subject and had not found the nerve to put it over. Now she believed herself snubbed.

"Look here," he said with unusual mildness. "I can see that you're all broken up. Well, don't feel so bad. Your work's good. Perhaps everything will come out all right."

Aurelia gazed at him with humid eyes. The eyes were very pretty. The girl was pretty, too. And she was absolutely different today from what she'd ever been before. He knew she wasn't the crying kind. Howells loathed the crying kind, and with reason. A

good many feminine tears had been shed on his desk. His face softened, and, seeing her opportunity, Aurelia let herself out a notch.

"I'll never forget how kind you are as long as I live," she gulped. She looked at him worshipfully. "But I always knew you were like that—so intuitive," she ended, and dropped her eyes.

The interview was over. The efficiency manager realized this, but he lingered.

"Well, don't you worry any more," he muttered at last. "Your work's all right, and I've said so from the first."

He got another look. It sent him to the general manager's desk.

"While I think of it," he said, after a few remarks on other topics, with which, as usual, he succeeded in infuriating the general manager past human endurance, "there's such a thing as justice. It doesn't seem fair to pay Miss Merrick thirty-five dollars a week and Miss Wheeler only thirty."

The general manager blinked at him. These were the most amazing words he had ever heard uttered by the efficiency manager. But he made a quick recovery.

"No, it doesn't," he said shortly. "But I thought we'd have to go over your dead body to put through an increase for Miss Wheeler."

The efficiency manager was annoyed. His intuitiveness told him that there was a criticism concealed in this remark.

"O, I'm not as bad as all that," he said coldly. He turned away. "I'll tell Miss Wheeler we've decided to give her thirty-five," he added.

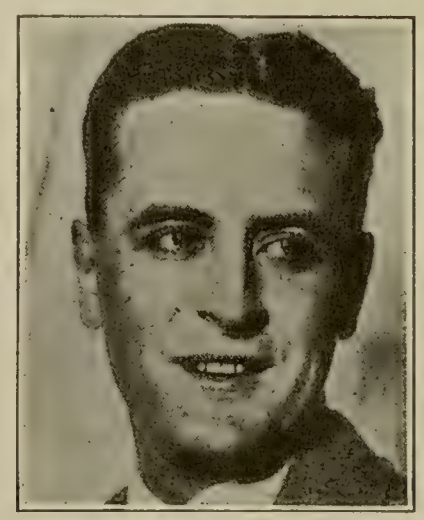
"I'll mention it to her if you haven't time," the general manager offered, with unexpected cordiality. But it appeared that the efficiency manager had plenty of time. He returned to Miss Wheeler's desk, and, in the general manager's opinion, wasted ten minutes there.

Aurelia took her salary increase simply. She had expected it, though not so soon. One of the amazing things about her new departure was the swiftness with which it worked. She spent the next afternoon, which was Saturday, buying a new gown and a pretty chain, and soft cushions and new curtains for her room. She squandered three months' salary, but she had a wonderful time, and her sense of power increased until it was almost oppressive. Being charming certainly got results.

ALSO, there was no denying that the new rôle had its thrills. But—it was not really an easy rôle. It had been easy so far—and this fact Aurelia faced with all her innate honesty—only because it was so new. It had startled her associates because of its unlikeness to her old rôle, and thus it had won their immediate interest. Besides, they already liked her, so she had no prejudice to overcome. But it would not be so easy to keep up their interest. She must move very cautiously—must strike, as Elsie did, the happy medium between being a merely nice girl and being a charming and sophisticated woman. The responsibilities of her new character lay heavily on Aurelia's shoulders.

Sunday evening she again dined with young Warrener at the Russian restaurant, this time as his guest. Then, knowing that the boy's salary was probably not much larger than her own, she made a suggestion.

"It's so nice to dine quietly with a friend," she said after a deep look. "I'd like to do it often, but I never do it unless the friend lets me pay my own expenses."



F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

The brilliant young author of This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and Damned, and Flappers and Philosophers, has written a keen, heart-searching story of young love which will appear in the next issue of LIBERTY. It is called

The Sensible Thing

And in it he states the bittersweet problem of youth and love the world over: "There are all kinds of love in the world, but never the same love twice."

There was so much of the old Aurelia in this that young Warrener glanced at her in alarm. He was reassured by her expression. There was a good deal of argument, but it was finally settled as she wished. They dined together two or three nights a week. Aurelia developed an increasing skill in the technique of her new rôle. Incidentally she bought a new evening gown and long jade earrings and had her nails regularly manicured.

At the end of six months young Warrener, seated opposite her one night at a little table in the now familiar Russian restaurant, spoke abruptly, with eyes on the dancers.

"I'm sick of all this," he declared.

Aurelia's heart missed a beat. She dared not ask what he meant, but she looked at him unwinkingly.

"I want a home," Warrener confessed. He hesitated, flushed, glanced at her, and looked away. "I want to get married," he huskily jerked out.

Aurelia's voice came to her own ears faintly, as if from a long distance.

"Is she nice?"

He grinned, more at ease now that the first difficult plunge into the subject had been made.

"I think so. She's pretty fond of gay dinners and fine clothes and good times and all that sort of thing, but I hope she'll marry me and sort of settle down." His hungry young eyes met hers. "Will you, Aurelia?" he added, gently. "We'd have to live awfully simply. I only get fifty a week, you know. But I've had a raise, and I'm promised another next year."

Aurelia could not reply. She merely looked at him. The look was not one of the Elsie Merrick variety, but her lover found it wonderful. The memory of it, and of her spoken promise a little later, kept him awake that night.

"And you don't really like dinners and dancing and all that sort of thing?" Aurelia incredulously asked him, as they walked back to the boarding house after dinner.

It was their first economy. Henceforth they were to save toward the little uptown flat in which they had agreed to start their married life in the spring.

"I hate 'em."

"But I thought——" Aurelia began.

"O, I had to go around. It was part of the job. Helped me with my work. But I'm strong for the hearthstone myself."

He looked at her tenderly.

"You will be, too, my darling, after we're married," he told her with conviction. "O, I know you don't think so now," he went on. "But I'll back you to make a real home for us both and to love it as much as I do."

Aurelia's lips parted. Confession trembled on them. For the second time an abyss yawned before her. And again, as once before, blind instinct guided her reply—blind instinct and a wisdom handed down by generations of the canny women of her race.

If he thought he had tamed a spoiled worldling into a wife for him he would have the recurrent thrill of that achievement throughout his domestic life.

Aurelia looked at her beloved. No, she must not tell him that all her life she had been crazy for a home, and that she was so tired dragging herself about socially and being charming to others that her teeth ached.

"I'd give up the whole world for you, dearest," she murmured. And James Waddington Warrener, complacently folding her in his arms, firmly believed that she was doing so.

THE END

"What Would You Do if You Had Only Twenty-Four Hours to Live?"

Twelve Word Answer Sent in by Iowa Woman Wins Prize of $25

WHAT would you do if your doctor informed you that you had only twenty-four hours to live—that you would never see the light of another day?

This question was asked of its readers by LIBERTY in its first issue, in connection with a remarkable story by Montague Glass, entitled "Less Than Twenty-four Hours to Live," in which Mr. Glass detailed his sensations after his physicians had mistakenly pronounced his death sentence and told what he did about it.

Hundreds of answers were received. These have all been considered, with the following result:

Mrs. Sadie B. Moon of Montrose, Iowa, is awarded the prize of $25 offered for the best letter of two hundred words or less.

Here is Mrs. Moon's answer:

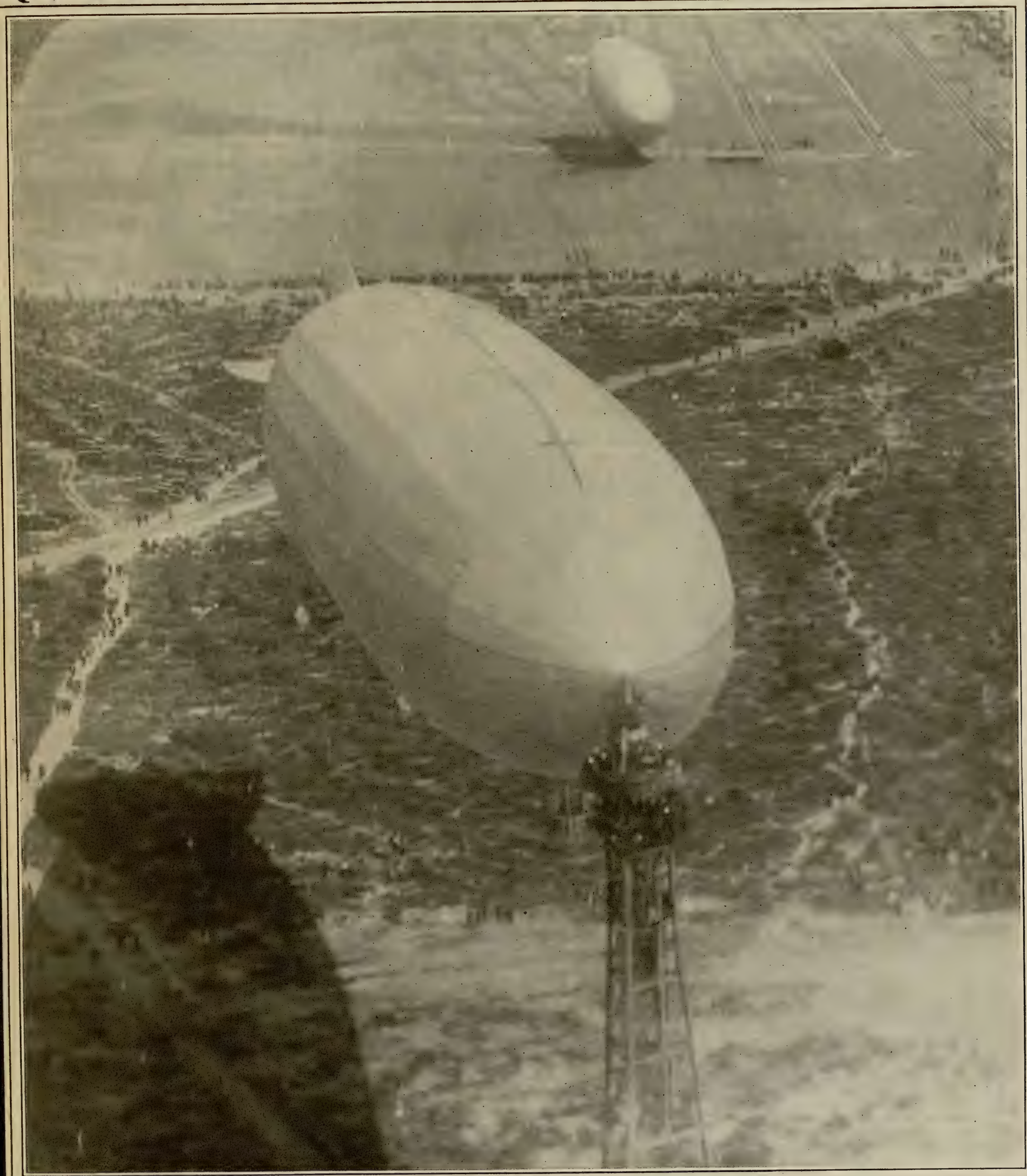
"First I'd make my will and funeral arrangements; then I'd change doctors."

That's all. But Mrs. Moon's letter is a succinct summation of ninety per cent of all the letters received; it is comprehensive, and it appears to be a statement of what the majority of persons would do—provided they didn't collapse.

Watch for other interesting competitions of this kind. Members of the LIBERTY family will be consulted about their opinions from time to time on various important subjects.

MRS. SADIE B. MOON

QUEEN OF THE AIR FLIES AGAIN



PROUDLY RIDING THE AIR ONCE MORE, here is the Shenandoah, Uncle Sam's huge navy dirigible, attached to its mooring mast at Lakehurst, N. J., while a crowd of many thousands watches a spectacular aerial circus. In the background is the new non-rigid airship J-1.
Pacific & Atlantic Photo.

$30,000,000 WORTH OF BEAUTY!

JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICERS at Kashiwabara Bay, in the Kuriles, and officers of the U. S. Destroyer John D. Ford play in the snow while waiting for the round-the-world flyers. Pacific & Atlantic Photo.

SENORITA EMMA MEZA-AGUA (left) and Senorita Comasita Arguillo, each with a private fortune of $15,000,000, start on world tour. Fifteen millions *and* pretty! Hm-hm-hm! Pacific & Atlantic Photo.

WE THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER, but here's a Spanish regiment fighting Moroccan tribes with trench mortars and other up-to-date equipment. There's one satisfaction about Moroccan warfare: no mud! But then it isn't exactly a vacation, with the mercury at 100 and the desert just around the corner. United Photo.

Illustrated by
ROBERT G. JONES

Honeymoon Etiquette

An Authoritative and Timely Article Offering First Aid to Perplexed Summer Brides and Bridegrooms.

By Inez Travers Cunningham

THE young man with the banana-colored gloves looked embarrassed. "What can I do for you Mr. ——er?" said I, indicating a seat.

"I know it's a delicate subject," he replied, "but could you please help me to go on a honeymoon?"

I put my handkerchief quickly over my mouth and the young man's sense of humor came to our rescue.

"Honestly," he said, "I didn't mean that for a proposal—I've already been accepted by another girl—but when I hear some of my friends talk I feel like committing suicide instead of matrimony, and the books of etiquette don't advise honeymooners. So I came to you."

Many young persons contemplate their honeymoons with the realization that a really enjoyable one, free from the elements of comedy and imminent embarrassment, is as rare as a fish bone in the desert. So here are some practical suggestions for Anne and Jim, about to embark on the perilous voyage.

FIRST, choose your destination wisely! Don't go any place so inaccessible that Anne will think she has been married to Robinson Crusoe. Though you are mutually devoted to nature, don't take even that great mother on your honeymoon. A girl may be willing to leave her clan and her nation for a man, but he should not take her too far from the ministrations of hairdresser and manicurist.

Nor is it wise to add to the shock of your uncollared Adam's apple a blue and bearded countenance. Remember that the essential difference between a man and a woman is that the former craves adventure, the latter romance.

Make your honeymoon a romantic adventure by choosing a spot which combines picturesqueness and comfort, where there will be enough but not too much distraction and entertainment.

Be sure that you see to her baggage efficiently. She may forgive you for breaking her heart, but if you damage her Paris hat she will hate you.

And Anne, be sure you have the initials of your new name put on your baggage before you start, if you do not wish to announce the recentness of your marriage; and do not take too much hand baggage. No man cares to have his wedding journey savor of Ellis Island. If Jim should fail to re-check your trunk, or miss a train connection, try to be calm and sweet about it.

Jim, once you are installed in your boat or Pullman, look after your wife's comfort; see that her baggage is disposed of, her top coat hung up, her book at hand; be sure to have enough small change about you to prevent your wife from tipping.

When you have arrived at your destination, see that Anne is seated comfortably in the hotel lobby while you go to register. Be sure and write "Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas Brown," not "Mr. James Thomas Brown and wife." Every one knows that "Mrs." means wife.

After you have registered, send a telegram to Anne's family, telling of your safe arrival.

ANNE must try to get accustomed to her new name before she goes away. It is well for her to have her family practice calling her Mrs. Brown, so she will look intelligent when she hears the name. And Anne should not start on her honeymoon without at least sufficient funds to get back home. When Jim offers her, as he should after their arrival, travelers' checks or money, she should let him know that she is provided for until they reach home and come to some working agreement on finance.

No matter how beautiful your trousseau is, Anne, do not spend too much time dressing. Don't keep Jim waiting for his meals or make him late for the latest revue, while you try the effect, in every pose, of that lovely lace dinner gown.

Jim, you should provide entertainment for your bride and be a fascinating companion, but leave her to herself once in a while, so that she may realize how wonderful you are. When you are ordering meals always consult Anne's

preferences. Don't eat onions on your honeymoon, unless Anne does so, too.

Anne must never give an order herself. She should communicate her wants to Jim, who will speak to waiters, porters, and other servitors.

Anne, you should write to Jim's mother as well as to your own, and give him a chance to write to her or to any one he pleases. Don't begin by being a prying wife. Let him have time to read his sporting page and talk to some of the men in peace. Remember, both of you, that privacy preserves illusions.

A SAFE rule to follow not only on your honeymoon, Anne, but for the rest of your life, is not to expect a mere man to understand the sketchy kind of conversation you were wont to participate in with your mother. He is used to business, and if you do not expect to aggravate him you had best be explicit. How is he to know that when you say, "She has hidden my slippers," you mean the chambermaid has put them in the closet, or that "Shall I call her?" refers to that old college friend of mother's whom you mentioned to him in the train.

Another thing: do not expect any man, no matter how great a hero he may be, to be gleeful and chatty when he first awakens in the morning. Above all, do not wake him if you awaken first—it is perfectly all right for you to constitute yourself an alarm clock after he has got back to work and must catch the 8:03, but do not let a sunrise or a robin lure you into the mistake of interrupting his sleep. Only an incurable male romanticist would exchange his slumbers before eight for the beauties of the great outdoors, and who wants to marry an I. R.?

No wise Anne who expects her Jim to bring home the carbohydrates!

Now Jim, a word to you about taking Anne into your confidence about business—wait until you are home again before you do it. On the honeymoon she wishes to think of you as a hero, and not as a business man.

Tell her rather about that time you waited for the fellow who was following you down the lonesome road at dead of midnight, and how, after looking him in the eye, you asked him for a match and he just faded away—he knew you were not afraid—no, sir!

Anne, don't shine your wedding band too obviously, nor look upon its glories too fondly in the hotel lobby. Don't use your left hand in a strange fashion, with the third finger leading!

NOW, Anne and Jim, I know you will not attempt to hold hands in a public dining room. You will even be discreet about the length of your dazzled glances. But you are likely to fall into the error of playing that well known indoor game of touching feet under the table. And O, my children! don't imagine your feet are invisible just because you cannot see them.

Anne, if you wish to defy detection as a bride, do not wear your wedding dress (if it is a white one) while you are on your honeymoon. There is that about a wedding dress, plus the aura of self-consciousness which all brides and bridegrooms have, which declares your status quo as clearly as a brogue declares an Irishman.

Beware of rocking chair confidences with new woman acquaintances, Anne, and, Jim, beware of too many confidences in the smoking room.

Anne, do not refer too often to home and mother, especially the latter. Jim won't like it. He wants to be your father, and your brother, and your mother. He wishes to know, with the poet, what use you have for your tribe's black tents "when now you reside in the red pavilion of his heart."

Jim, you must not be fussy about your personal property. It will be a shock, no doubt, for you to find that Anne has confiscated one of your military brushes to burnish up the fox on her coat, or that your new green cravat is now an added feature of her white sports costume. She shouldn't do it, it is true.

But remember that you said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." This includes military brushes and cravats—at least on a honeymoon.

THE END

How to Behave on Your Wedding Trip

1. Both should not wear new shoes. Two pairs of new shoes in one new family are equal to a placard bearing the caption "Just Wed."

2. Do not refer to the lady in question as "my wife." No mere man can use the noun and the possessive pronoun successfully for the first six months. After that he usually is content to say "Mrs. Brown."

3. Do not keep your husband waiting for his meals while you primp, powder and parade. Love affects a man's appetite deleteriously only when augmented by stomach trouble.

4. Do not fail to notice every new gown, hat, slipper, and glove your wife wears. The trousseau was designed to knock you dead. What matter if you must die a thousand times in so lovely a cause?

5. Do not contradict your husband; he knows everything. Remember that a honeymoon is not a journey, but a condition which terminates with the first quarrel.

6. Do not eat onions on your honeymoon unless your bride loves them too. Small considerations are dearer to a woman's heart than valor or wealth, and less potent things than onions have blasted romance and changed the face of nations.

7. Do not interrupt your husband with unimportant pleasantries while he is engaged in the serious business of reading his morning paper. Even love passages should not intrude upon the sacred privacy of the sporting page.

8. Do not call your husband "sweetie," "lambie," "baby-boy," or any such diminutive in public. He may look like these things to you, but others are likely to think of him as more nearly approximating a white hope, and he will not thank you for making him ridiculous.

9. While you are on your honeymoon never remind hubby of the wealth or power of his rivals. It is a procedure barred by good sportswomanship the world over, no matter how exasperating the occasion.

10. Solitude is as necessary to the soul as water to the body. Besides, it gives one an opportunity to count one's blessings and realize the complete wonderfulness of him who has just gone out. Allow your husband or wife a certain amount of solitude, thereby adding to your own allure.

Study of a Villain and a Husband!
(Find the Husband)

"THE SIGNAL TOWER"

Produced by Universal.

Directed by Clarence L. Brown.

THE CAST:

Sally Tolliver.....Virginia Valli
Dave Tolliver..Rockcliffe Fellowes
Sonny Tolliver.....Frankie Darro
Joe Standish.....Wallace Beery
Old Bill.....James O. Barrows
Pete .....James F. MacDonald
Gertie.....Dot Farley

By Frances Peck

HELLO!

This popular idea that those "open spaces where men are men" abound only in the West, is the raspberries, if one may be permitted the expression. The West, they'd have you believe, is the native heath of the hero. The West—the favorite parking place of the beady-eyed blackguard. (Don't you believe it!)

Universal has made a picture called "The Signal Tower." The action all takes place in a lonely mountain fastness. Here's a tiny railroad station at which the express trains hoot unless they feel the need of a drink, or a certain engineer has a present for the small son of Dave Tolliver—who's daytime station master.

Away up in THESE open spaces live a man, the day station master mentioned, his wife and little son. And "Uncle" Billy, a dear old man who relieves at night, until unexpected good fortune sends him off to see the world.

A new employe is assigned to his work. He rooms as did "Uncle" Billy at Dave Tolliver's home. (Wallace Beery takes the part—so you know what to expect.)

It wouldn't be movie Hoyle to let Wallace Beery stalk in the paths of the righteous, would it?

This time he's a railroad sheik. Once he lays eyes on the pretty Mrs. Tolliver he's all set for action. Clear coast! Lovely lady. And himself not to be resisted—or so he thinks.

Thinking so doesn't make it so. The trouble starts.

"The Signal Tower" is one of the best features Universal has put out in ages. It's a thriller—backed by clever acting, beautiful scenery, sensible direction and the rest of the ingredients that send you away from a movie house with that satisfied feeling.

Till we meet again!

FANS' SAY SO

Come right out and tell the world!

Dear Miss Peck: I want to tell you that your page is enjoyed very, very much by all my friends and, of course, myself.

Your page, I can assure you, will be one of the "first favorites." I hope your office is a large one; if not, you had better move into one that is, because 'ere many days you are just going to be "bombarded" with letters and letters from all over—why? Because—

1. All people have their favorite actors and actresses and are awfully curious to know all about them.

2. The LIBERTY is a tremendously circulated magazine—it's the hardest thing to get one; after nine o'clock Wednesday mornings they are all sold out at the newsstands, and one of the reasons is—well, everyone is curious to know what Frances Peck has on her page.

3. All delight to see the pictures on her page, too.

4. Now, they are curious to know all about this interesting writer by name of Frances Peck, and look forward to some information and a published picture of herself.

Marguerite.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Your letter sure brightened the corner where I are, Marguerite. Thanks so much for it! Your questions will be answered in a later issue (maybe next week).]

* * *

Dear Miss Peck: I'm going to be a pest if you continue writing your articles in that snappy manner.

What I mean is that I'm going to write you so often that you'll get sick and tired of hearing from me.

I'm not going to say I hope LIBERTY will be a success, but I say I know it will be a success.

You are wonderful.

Yours till we meet again,
Eve Brownfield.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Part of the lovely things you said can't be printed because of lack of space. I was dying to use your whole letter. Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs. He first attracted universal attention by his work and makeup in The Miracle Man. Come again!]

* * *

Nancy Burke: I reckon you mean Monte, not "Montague" Blue, don't you? American. Born in Indianapolis, Indiana. You're welcome.

* * *

Olive D.: It was Elsie Ferguson—not Elsie Janis—who was married recently. Miss Janis has never felt the necessity of having a man about the house. Miss Ferguson has been married three times. No, haven't seen her in pictures for quite some time. Thank you.

NEXT WEEK! "Not One to Spare"—from the poem by E. L. Beers, "Which Shall It Be?"

"Today he is the owner of a chain of glue factories, a chalet in Switzerland, and an adenoidal son with a raccoon coat."

Success and Apple Sauce

Snapping the Spotlight on Some Ancient Myths

These Rags-to-Riches Heroes Are Largely Imaginary. Those Familiar and Often Told Stories of Pinched Cheeks and Patches Fore and Aft—

They're Mostly Bunk!

By O. O. McIntyre

Illustrated by OSCAR CESARE

JUDGING from the contemporaneous history of the lives of great Americans it would appear that most of them sneaked to the top rung of the ladder of success from the back alley or the water front shanty.

The merchant prince of today is the ragged lad who lived across the railroad tracks yesterday. Or somebody has been doing some gosh-awful fibbing.

No successful man seems to have been able to step out of a brownstone front to wealth and affluence. There is either the curse of foreordained failure for the boy whose parents had money or there is a pull somewhere. Rags are royal raiment when not even worn for virtue's sake.

The breakfast table is scarcely complete without some first page headline heralding the palpitating information that:

EX-PITTSBURGH PUDDLER BUYS
WIFE PLATINUM LIMOUSINE!

You read, too, the fulsome magazine gush detailing the career of Marcellus J. Finchclinch and you stifle tears at the pinchfaced misery of his youth. There he stands, a spindly legged and anemic urchin of the gutter, picking his food out of garbage cans.

Today he is sole owner of a chain of glue factories, a chalet in Switzerland, and an adenoidal son with a raccoon coat.

It would appear there is little hope for the youth of America who wash their ears ever to become bank presidents and wear sidewheel whiskers and barrel cuffs. To be acclaimed what the world calls a success they must have lived on a two acre patch which had nothing much on it but a sick mule and a dry well. If they haven't a tintype showing patches fore and aft they can never reach the success magazines.

Nowadays nearly every high powered executive who has reached the superlative eminence of being "in conference"—office slang for enjoying a cigar—while you grow a beard in the anteroom, has arrived at that zenith by the Horatio Alger Jr., Ragged Dick process.

Everybody wants to outdo Honest Abe splitting rails. The poor fellow who once owned a Lord Fauntleroy suit, went to dancing school,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

and got something off the Christmas tree besides an orange in a net sack or a pair of collapsible earmuffs, feels frightfully self-conscious. He knows with such a record he can never become a railroad president.

HE begins to wonder "how come?" All the successful men he has read about were once gallus boys with lidless straw hats. If he is holding down a $30,000 a year job he has a sudden and jarring realization that it is just a freakish, accidental thing. He tries to recall the time he gnawed at a crust and can't remember a single gnaw. So he thinks up one.

He starts off modestly by telling the boys about the day he lived on a raft, half-soled his breeches with cowhide, and plucked his dinners from a neighbor's raspberry bush.

He discovers it goes well. None of his friends had anything but rough sledding, either. As he goes along he gains momentum and before you know it he tells about standing in front of a pie shop window for a whole day with a penny clutched in his hand—just sniffing. Wintry winds chilled his bare legs to a plum blue. But the pie was three cents a cut, so, like the hero he was, he bought a faded pansy and took it home to mother, exclaiming, "Everything is going to be all right." If you don't stop him he'll have you sobbing all over the lot.

The same fellows who raise Old Harry with the waiter for the bent prong in the oyster fork delight in recalling the good old days when they ate the slim portion of breakfast porridge out of father's cracked mustache cup.

Get almost any group of successful men together in the upholstered magnificence of their club and after the dollar cigars are lighted it is a hundred to one shot that some one is going to recall the day he lacked a dime for admission to a quarter circus and almost broke his back carrying water for the elephants.

Back in the days before the Big Drouth you could push open almost any set of swing doors after midnight and find a forlorn creature, head pillowed in his arms, who had just remembered that he was twelve years old before he got any part of the chicken but the neck. He had just been to vaudeville and heard that one.

Between snivels he'd tell you—for, after all, you were his pal—of his early poverty. He had never mentioned it before. Not much. He was a Lee — one of the Virginia Lees — F. F. V.'s—and his folks were "poh but proud." Yes, he would have just one more. Well, anyway, after a while you found yourself telling him of your early struggles and before you both knew it they had to sprinkle fresh sawdust for the Niagara of tears.

This harmless exaggeration of boyhood struggles by successful men is typically American—as typically American as the seventh inning stretch. You feel that you have to do it even though it doesn't mean anything.

Still, something should be said to encourage the present day crop of young men who may feel entirely out of the picture. With a world cluttered up with so many "from rags to riches heroes" they may get the idea that because they never went barefoot, slept in the haymow, or ran errands, they are not going to amount to a row of beans.

The younger generation is not shivering at midnight on blizzard swept street corners with a few soiled editions. In this age, after the first shave they are more than likely to be parking their stunty roadsters at the Follies' back door instead.

And the chances are this same younger generation twenty years from now will be regaling cronies with tear wringing stories of the days when they didn't know where their next midnight supper club *couvert* charge was coming from.

It has been my observation in going back over the lives of successful men to trace their poverty that most of them got three substantial meals a day, slept between clean sheets, bathed on Saturday night, and always had enough money to take the only girl buggy riding on Sunday.

Successful men who have battered their way from mediocrity, obscurity, and poverty to the top are least likely to boast about it. To them it is a closed chapter. They find little comfort in recalling the pinched days of want.

Furthermore, a large number of our greatest successes in art, literature, and commerce were silk-stockinged lads. They were born to the purple. But they like to romance a little.

It is a species of success swank to say one has worked his way through college. Most of them have. They "worked" dad. Ask him —he knows.

PERHAPS a rebellious mood has seized me. Freud might call it a "success complex," but, in my many years of research among those who have "made the grade," I find little to conform with the copybook maxims and success blurbs.

Most persons succeed because they have the gift of doing a certain thing well. And they have the added stimulus of warming to that certain thing. Liking the job is half the battle. "Keeping everlastingly at it" sounds nice, but it is not going to make a novelist of the butcher unless he has the gift for writing and likes the trade.

The element of luck, chance, or whatever you will, has played a big part in the lives of many successful men.

Isolated cases, you may argue, but if space permitted I could reel off the names of twenty or thirty men of my limited acquaintance in whose careers chance or luck was the dominating influence.

There is always the fabled cobwebby garret in the background of the lives of writers. Much burning of midnight oil. Pawnshops and the free lunch counter.

My acquaintance among writers is larger than among members of any other profession. I know of only one writer who actually suffered from deprivation, and that largely through drink. They might not have lived in castles on the Hudson, but they lived comfortably and in comparative plenty.

Richard Harding Davis, one of the very best American authors, sprang from blue blooded aristocracy and wealth. He was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth.

He wrote successfully because he had the gift and loved the job. He did not need the inspiration of the lighted candle in the Greenwich Village attic, nor does any one else.

Will Irwin and his brother Wallace, Irvin Cobb, Gouverneur Morris, James Oliver Curwood, George Ade, Meredith Nicholson, Arthur Somers Roche, Rex Beach, Sinclair Lewis, Rupert Hughes, Homer Croy, Isaac F. Marcosson, Stewart Edward White, Booth Tarkington, and a host of other popular writers of the day—one could go on naming them indefinitely—never felt a single pang of poverty.

WHAT is true of writers is true of any other line of work. A novel can be written in the perfumed purlieus of a Fifth Avenue drawing room as well as in a hall room on Tenth Avenue —three flights up, ring Finnegan's bell.

It isn't how you do it, where you do it, or when you do it—it's the doing it that counts. "Do it now!" looks sprightly when framed over the desk. It appears to denote a keenly alert mind. You visualize the go-getter—old John J. Jump himself.

Yet the majority of men I know who are successful indulge in procrastination. They are inclined to put off until tomorrow many things they could do today. They like to think out every move.

One of the greatest financiers in America has the most disorderly desk eye ever beheld. It is the despair of his secretary who has been highly trained in system and efficiency. It is piled almost to the ceiling with letters, books, memoranda, reports, boxes of cigars, fishing tackle, magazines, and what-not. This is also true of the highest salaried newspaper editor in America. There is so much rubbish in his office that figuratively the visitor has to talk to him from the hall.

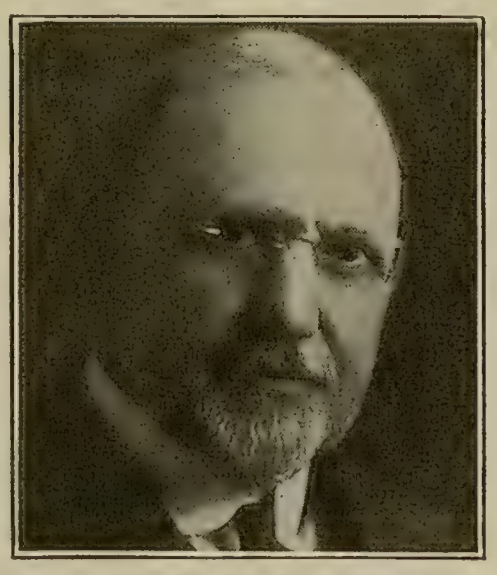
Incidentally it appears to me that the importance of work has been overemphasized in success.

The head of a big chain of restaurants spends only two hours a day at his desk. The owner of one of New York's biggest industries works only six months out of the year. He says he has always been inclined toward laziness.

If this be heresy, then let the lazy man make the most of it. He has few friends at best, and as a lazy man I am glad to champion the clan.

It would be foolish to say we could all work as little as these men I have cited and be successful. It takes many years of hard work to reach the point where one may loaf most of the time.

THE END



DR. W. A. EVANS

DO YOU KNOW WHY—

A fox hunter gives no food to the pack for a day before a hunt?

All wild animals lie torpid after abundant feeding?

Trainers do not feed race horses for several hours before a race?

Football players eat sparingly before a game?

All These Questions, and More, Are Answered

In an article in the next issue of LIBERTY by Dr. W. A. Evans, the distinguished medical expert. WATCH FOR IT—it is called—

EAT LESS and Fight Better!

Dorothy Stone *and* *Her Beau,* Fred

An Intimate Article on a Great Comedian and on His Daughter, Who Followed Him to Broadway

By Walter Davenport

Above—A charming portrait of Dorothy Stone. At right—Dorothy and her beau, Fred Stone, the noted comedian, in an act together.

"'TAIN'T that I begrudge her; no, 'tain't that. She's only nineteen, but she's got a level head and, b'gum, I'd as lief take her advice on new stage business as——"

She came into the room at this point, sat opposite her father and shook her head after the manner of one who despairs of winning an incorrigible child over to oft repeated rules of conduct.

"Fred Stone," she admonished him, "stop before you get maudlin. Haven't you told me over and over again that you are never going to interfere with my love affairs?"

"Yep, I said that and I mean it."

"Haven't you said that you thought pretty well of my judgment?"

"Yep, I was just saying that I'd as lief take——"

"Well, if I decide that you've got to be my knight and that I'd rather have you escorting me than any other fellow, aren't you going to stick to your promise? Or are you trying

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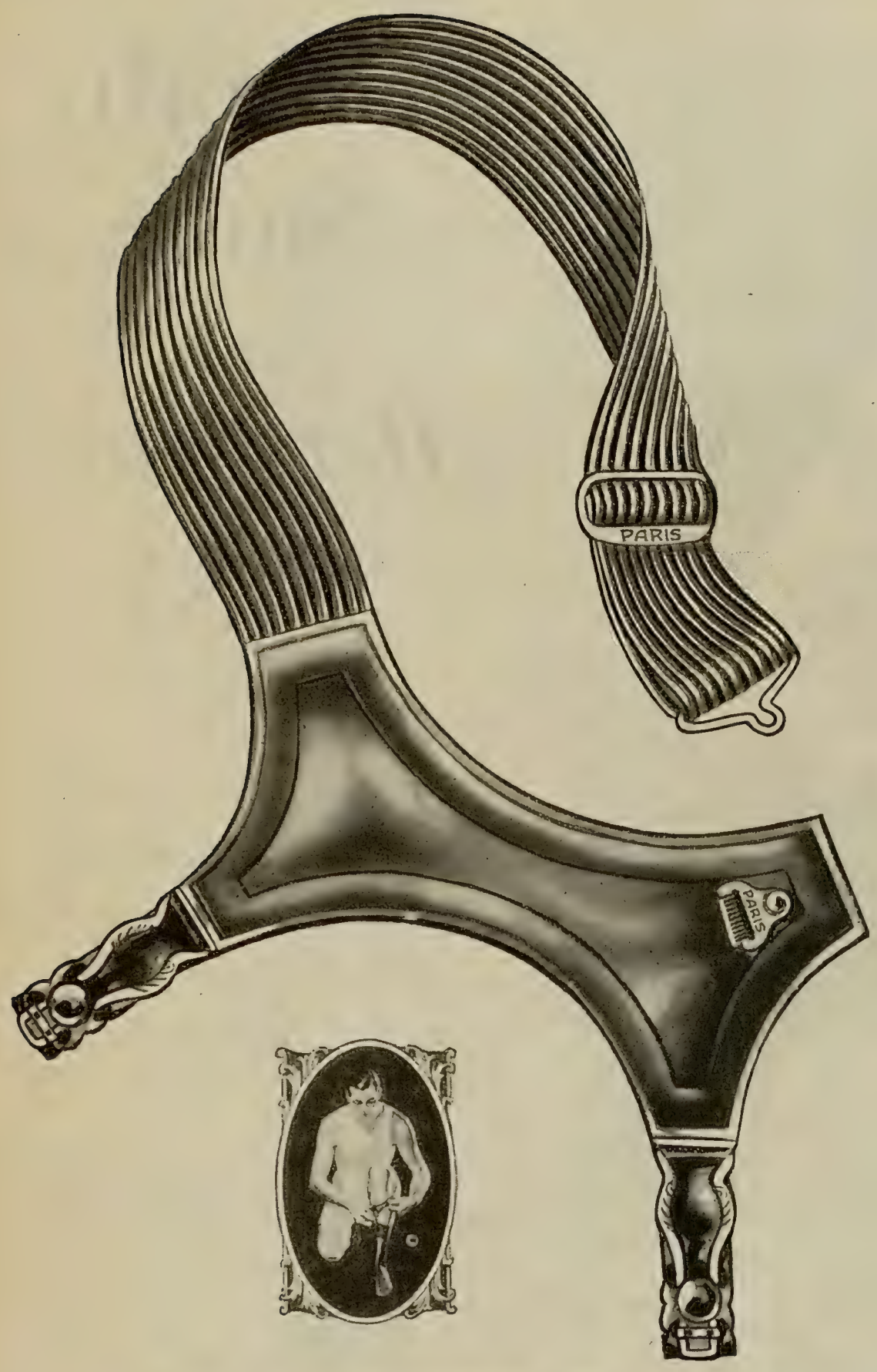

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Time for a fresh pair?

For double duty and twofold satisfaction, get a spick-and-span pair of double grip Paris today. Because your garters are next to you every day in the year, more men than ever are endorsing the "fresh pair of Paris" habit. There's clean comfort, long wear and snappy new elastic in every pair of Paris. *Double grips as low as 40¢ and up to $1.00. Single grips as low as 35¢ and up to $1.00.*

There are enough men wearing Paris Garters to elect the next President—easily!

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Also Makers of Hickory Products
Chicago New York

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

to get rid of me? Fred Stone, look at me! Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Go 'long, now, Dorothy, and stop plaguing your dad. I was just saying to this man that——"

"I heard you," said Dorothy. Then, turning to her father's visitor, she said:

"It's a fearful experience for a girl of my age to have her own father try to excuse himself because she insists that he be her beau."

"Go 'long," growled Fred. "Go 'long, now, and don't be surprised if I'm waiting at the stage door for you after the show. Might have a couple of girls with me, but I ain't so old yet that I can't take two or three girls out after a show."

AND Fred Stone, the comedian who comes as near to meriting the title of the great American comedian as any man on the stage, kept his word. When he met Dorothy at the stage door he had Paula and Carol with him. Paula is twelve and Carol nine, and they are just as intent upon following in their famous father's footsteps as Dorothy was, and Dorothy is now co-star with her father in Stepping Stones.

It has been a long haul for Fred Stone — a long, hard haul! He had some native genius to start with, to be sure, but Stone will tell you that he owes more to his willingness to work, to study, and then more work than he does to whatever native ability he was born with.

For hours he would practice his slackwire walking, his ladder tumbling and his weird dances. Away back in the days when he and Dave Montgomery played in The Wizard of Oz—Stone was the scarecrow and Montgomery in his suit of tinware—he spent his mornings practicing the dances and gymnastics which he had done the night before and was to do for many nights to come.

"I'm fifty," said Stone, "but I've been on the stage so long that it seems more than that. Born at Vallmont, Colorado, near Boulder, I've seen it printed where I was born on a ranch and took to cowpunching as soon as I could sit on a horse. Well, I was born on a ranch, but, shucks! I never knew a cowboy trick until I came east in eighteen ninety-five, when I was twenty-one!

"My dad was a barber. Great Ned! We never stayed in any one place long enough to study tricks. No, I was never a cowboy. My brother Ed and I went on the stage together, nothing but kids in our teens. Did an act called The Hottentots in honkey-tonk shows. That's what they called them—honkey-tonks. Later they got the name of variety shows. My gracious, but it's a long haul from the honkey-tonk to the vaudeville show!

"Ed and I were working a honkey-tonk in St. Joe, Missouri, back in eighty-eight, when I saw a feller dancing on a street corner. Standing there like he was waiting for something. Sorta liked the cut of him, somehow.

"Can't explain it exactly, but when I first saw him standing there he wasn't doing anything but standing.

"Suddenly he reached behind his head and gives the brim of his derby a flick with his finger, knocking it forward over his left eye. Then, unconsciouslike, he does a few flat foot steps and follows it with a double shuffle. Now, he wasn't looking at me, but there was something about the way he did those steps and the cut of him that drew me to him, sorta. Ever have that feeling?

"'Stranger,' I says, 'I see you dance.'

"'Yes, son,' says he, he being about three or four years older than I was. 'I'm dancing with Haverly's Minstrels.'

"'Well, I dance too,' says I, pulling the same steps he just did. 'Ed, my brother, and I are working the honkey-tonk.'

"'Good luck to the both of you,' says he, and he went off."

Stone pointed to a photograph of a pleasant, cherubic individual.

"THERE he is," he murmured. "I didn't see Dave for four years after that. And it wasn't until 1895 that we teamed up and came East, and, even if I do say it myself, Montgomery and Stone made quite a hit. Ed, my brother, he died, and later Dave he died, and—— Say, you know that girl of mine, Dorothy, is dog-gone right about me being maudlin when I get a chance.

"Speaking of Dorothy," he said, grinning broadly at the door as though he expected her to reappear and stop him, "maybe you heard about that gold band she wore. Let's see."

He began counting on his fingers.

"I was playing in The Old Town. Then three years in Chin Chin and three years in Jack o' Lantern, and then three years in Tip Top. Yep, it's been thirteen years ago when we had that English pony ballet. Dorothy was six. The ballet master comes in one afternoon and he has a gold band which he slips over Dorothy's little hand.

"'There,' says he to Dorothy, 'there, young lady. Don't take off that band until you make your début on Broadway.'

"Well, Dorothy made her début, not like her dad out in the little towns, but right here on Broadway, and then, one night, soon after this show, Stepping Stones, opened with Dorothy in it, I cut that gold band off.

It was after the show and over

in the hall of the National Vaudeville Artists.

"And then nothing would do Paula and Carol but they must have gold bands like Dorothy's. Those two girls, like as not, will follow Dorothy in her old dad's footsteps. I ain't saying that it don't kinda tickle me. Am I getting what Dorothy says—maudlin? Let's quit talking about her and the girls."

SO, in respectful fear of the radiant Dorothy, Fred Stone reverted to the earlier days. There is an infrequently told story about Stone and Rex Beach in a Broadway café, and it was brought to his attention by way of introducing the subject of his boxing prowess. Stone might have been welterweight champion had he not taken Jim Corbett's advice and clung to the stage instead of adopting the ring as his profession.

The story that introduced the subject of fighting is that one night Beach and Stone, getting their hats preparatory to leaving the café, came face to face with two large, belligerent lads, one of whom was a college football star who enjoyed in his line of sport something of the reputation of Babe Ruth in baseball. He weighed about 210, and, except that he had been drinking a little, was in physical condition to repeat his very recent onslaughts upon the vain hopes of Yale and Harvard.

Beach, a big man, was just passing out through the revolving door. Stone had his hat on his head and was about to follow Beach. The big boy from college made the observation that Stone was funny looking and that the hat he wore was offensive to the educated eye.

"Your hat displeases me," said the college athlete, and he knocked the offending hat across the lobby. Stone's right, which still has the consistency of a well worn cobble, traveled just far enough to meet the corner of the square chin from Princeton, which, with its owner still attached to it, traveled almost far as the irritating hat. Beach, in the revolving door like a squirrel on a wheel, hustled back to see that full justice was done, but the football player was sound asleep and his friend was satisfied.

"SHUCKS!" said Stone. "I'd clean forgotten that little incident. Wish I'd meet that man today. I'd like to shake him by the hand. Fine feller, too. I'm none too proud of that escapade. I could handle myself pretty well. Montgomery and Stone were in vaudeville in New York then, and I used to box every day down in the gymnasium.

"Boxed with Jim Corbett I don't know how many times, but the first time I boxed him was best for me. The second time Jim was wise to me, and I didn't do so much. I got to be pretty good and I thought maybe I'd take it up as a profession. I wasn't on to myself. I was at the age when a man needs to have somebody put him on to himself. Jim Corbett did it for me, and I'm grateful to Jim.

"'Fred,' he says, 'don't do it. There's nothing worth while to it. Suppose you did become champion? What of it? What will it get you? Nothing, Fred. Let this fight game alone. You'll be famous on the stage for a long, long time. You'll last ten or twelve years in the fight game and, even if you get to be champion, what's after that?

"'You can go on the stage after you're licked and be a dollar and a half actor and no more. The way you're going on the stage you'll be a big man. Fred, you'd be a hero in the ring until somebody comes along with a better punch and staying powers, and then you'd be a has-been. And, Fred, you got a big nose now, but take to boxing and see what they do to that. You'll be an awful sight in no time.'

"Dan Hickey, the old boy who's managing Paul Berlenbach now, was my boxing instructor, and he's the greatest instructor the game's ever seen. I asked him about going into the ring, and he said about what Jim said. I'm glad I was the kind who'll listen to advice. I still take advice. I'll take it from anybody in my company. When a man gets to the point where advice means nothing to him he's about through."

Fred Stone and his smiling family.

"HAS your recent public confession of Christianity altered any of your professional views?" he was asked.

"No. Montgomery and Stone were always clean, and I don't think any one can point to anything in any of my shows that wasn't clean. I haven't joined any church. I'm not going in for evangelism, and I ain't using it for publicity purposes. I've had to decline a lot of chances to speak from pulpits.

"But I'm no church member, although my family was Methodist and Dorothy and the girls are Christian Scientists. The great masses of people are clean. They want to be clean. You don't have to give 'em smut to draw them in large numbers.

"To me being religious means only being clean, being fair, and helping those who need help. I don't seem to get much further than that. I might add to that telling the truth."

"All right," said his caller; "how about that knife throwing stunt you alarm people with. Do you actually throw those knives outlining your human target?"

"I get a lot of letters about that," Stone grinned. "Almost always the letters are written by folks who think I really do throw the knives. They say they want to decide bets they've made with cynics. As a matter of fact, I throw only one knife—the one which goes wide. The other knives just spring out, handle first, through the board the target stands against. Dog-gone it, maybe I shouldn't be telling that, although I guess folks know there must be some trick to it."

"You say that you didn't learn to use a lariat until you came East?"

"That's right. Will Rogers taught me how to rope. You know, roping on the stage is only about twenty-five years old. Old Ora Paso, a Mexican, was the first to do it. Will Rogers, being a real cowboy, took it up and put dance steps into it. Will taught me to rope, and I added dance steps to it.

"Now, this girl of mine, Dorothy——"

But he got no further. That girl of his, Dorothy, returned.

"It's time for us to go to work," announced Dorothy.

"If you ain't got women folks to keep you on the jump," were Fred Stone's parting words, "you ain't got any idea what going to work means."

And Dorothy Stone and her beau, Fred, went to work.

THE END

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A Cauliflower Ear

By Seamus Dillon

FETHERSTON PERLYCROSS has a cauliflower ear. Otherwise many experienced judges of what is not irritating to the eye would be forced to confess that choosing between Fetherston and Rudolph Valentino would be far from easy.

Fetherston is not a pugilist; he has never had the mitts on his tapering fingers.

He can talk for an hour about the Barbizon school of art without repeating anything. He could write a biography of Nicholas Chauvin without referring to French political history, and when he speaks of Fielding and George Sand it is with knowledge back of it.

He got that cauliflower ear in a moment of aberration at college. Unaccountably, Fetherston reported to the football coach in the fall of his second year at Yale, and in the very first scrimmage an individual named Czolczaki from Fort Wayne, Indiana, socked Fetherston on the left ear, after which Fetherston went back to the dead languages room in the college library.

The cauliflower ear clung to Fetherston, and only yesterday his chum, Eustace, asked him why in the world he never tried surgery as a means of being rid of the awful thing.

"It isn't pretty," admitted Fetherston, "and I know that there are those of my friends to whom it is revolting. But, Eustace, I wouldn't part with that cauliflower for more money that I care to think of. It is my shield and buckler, so to speak.

"LET us say I am in the subway crowd and some peevish roughneck insists upon grinding his heels into my toes or digs his newspaper into my neck.

"All I have to do is to turn toward him the left side of my face and shove. He looks up prepared to invite me to fight. His eyes come to a complete halt at my left ear. And that's that. He doesn't know who I am, and it may be true that I haven't the shoulders of Strangler Lewis, but he is stymied by my left ear. He takes no unnecessary chances. I leave the car, and the rougher element shares the look of knowing appreciation for that ear.

"No, Eustace, it may not be beautiful, but it is effective."

You may take out of this any moral you choose. Of course, anybody refusing to be stymied by Fetherston's Johnny Dundee appendage would have no trouble laying him out.

Ed Tucker was another case in point. Ed used to sit on the porch of Dollinger's store at Royaloak, Maryland, chewing tobacco, which always made him sick, merely because it attracted attention to his granitelike jaw. Ed had one of those prognathous jaws which physiognomists tell us indicate strength of purpose and interwoven moral fabric.

YET Ed was as weak as watered soda pop. In time all Talbot County came to know that the size of Ed's jaw meant nothing except that it was easier to hit. And all one had to do was to hit at that prow of Ed's to win a one-punch victory. Stuckley Warren of McDaniel, two railroad stations north of Royaloak, broke the spell one afternoon after he and Ed had argued for two hours about the tariff.

Stuckley got angry. All that he did was to spit on his hands and take a step toward Ed and Ed was so scared that he fell down, striking his chin on a stone and breaking his magnificent jaw. And Stuckley Warren was so shy of the nether jaw that we used to call him Bunny.

It only goes to prove that Fetherston Perlycross shouldn't play that accidental ear too hard.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, Tribune Square, Chicago

Diplomacy

Little Bobbie, aged six, was playing with a cat and started pulling its tail. After he had pulled it quite a number of times, the cat turned and scratched his hand. This greatly angered him and he heaped his wrath upon the cat by calling it names.

His mother scolded him for saying such things.

The following day he pulled at the tail again and the cat repeated the scratching as on the day previous. Bobbie conquered his wrath when he noticed his mother near by, turning to the cat and saying, "You are the same cat that you was yesterday."—J. E., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

Avoiding Needless Work

Little Harry was told to wash his hands. When noticed, he was discovered holding back one finger. His mother asked him if it were sore. "No, muvver," he said, "it just isn't dirty."—M. K., New York City.

* * *

Till It Can Ride Me Again

When our car was demolished Irma wept bitterly. Uncle said to her: "What are you crying for? You didn't get hurt?" "Well," said she, "I'm cryin' 'cause I'm thinkin' it will be a long time 'till it can ride me again."—E. U. G., Boone, Ia.

A Valid Objection

When little Ella became slightly indisposed we called our doctor. He asked her to put out her tongue. She did, but not enough to satisfy him. "A little more, please," he said. "All the way, so I can see!"

"But," Ella objected, "I can't. It's grown on at the back!"—E. K., Chicago.

* * *

Natural Enough

Irma and I were having a conversation on pigs. I remarked that they were the dirtiest of animals. "O," said Irma, "that's why they named them 'pigs.'"—H. M. E., Boone, Ia.

* * *

Surprising Conduct

One evening our motion picture theater exhibited a picture wherein the hero folded his arms about the heroine and kissed her several times. Iona, aged four, drew a laugh by exclaiming aloud, "O! That's the way my papa and mamma does!"—E. W. H., Mason City, Ia.

A Candid Giver

One day little Betty remarked, "I like to give grandma candy better than anybody." "Why?" I asked, wondering why her grandmother was in particular favor at the moment.

"Because," Betty answered, "she always says, 'Thank you, dear,' and gives it back!"—I. H., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

A Shrewd Guess

A neighbor of ours, who liked his beer in the good old days, now is white haired, to the astonishment of his young son. One day when the white-hair question came up, the little boy suddenly cried out, "I know, Daddy, I know! It's the foam coming to the top!"—H. D. A., Chicago.

* * *

The Hen Needed a "Pattern"

Billy was sent out to see if there were any eggs in the nest. He came back and said there was none—only the one the hen uses as a pattern.—M. C. S., Chicago.

No Pay Until Finished

Little Cornelia often has heard her mother insist upon work being finished correctly by dressmakers and others as a prerequisite to payment. When Cornelia first saw a new baby sister, she studied the little wisp of humanity for several moments, then remarked to me, "Won't mother make them put on hair and teeth before she pays?"—A. R. G., Decorah, Iowa.

* * *

No Wonder

The new little brother had cried most of the time, it seemed, during his first three weeks of life. Bobby had been noting this conduct, and comparing it, apparently, with what he had been told, for at length he remarked, "It's no wonder they chucked him out of heaven."—L. E. I., Knox City, Mo.

* * *

A Future Treat

Our little neighbor, Kenneth, aged five, thinks there is no one like Charlie Chaplin, and dearly loves to see him. One day he came to his mother and said, "Mamma, do all good men go to heaven?"

"Why, yes," she said, "if they are real good they do."

"Well, then, won't the angels laugh when they see Charlie Chaplin!"—B. H., Decorah, Ia.

$5 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 40

Why Buy an Open Car?

You Pay No More for All Closed Car Comforts in the Coach

The buying choice of the year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach created this issue. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. No other type and no other car shares its advantages. Mark well what that means.

Affects Resale Values, Too

All buyers must consider how this trend to closed cars affects resale values. For all admit the closed car will soon be the only acceptable type. The Coach, as the wanted type, maintains a high resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

It is the quality car in reach of all. In the Coach you pay no more for all closed car utility, comfort and distinction. The Coach is the largest selling six-cylinder closed car in the world. Note how this lead increases.

HUDSON
Super-Six
COACH
$1550

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Six
COACH
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Freight and Tax Extra

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Both are the creations of the same engineers. They are built in the same shops by the same workmen under the same patents. There is no difference in quality of material or workmanship.

The price you want to pay for a car will decide whether it shall be a Hudson or Essex. The closed car advantages of the Coach and its price leave no other consideration.

THE COACH IS EXCLUSIVE TO HUDSON AND ESSEX

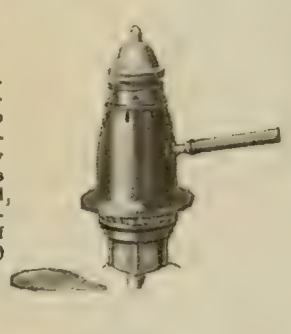
STERNO CANNED HEAT

The great gift of ready flame

Early man kept fires always burning. Fire was too valuable to lose. Ancients prayed for fire from the Heavens. Indians rubbed sticks of wood together. The primitive tinder box had its day. Men have used magnifying glasses to turn the sun's rays to flame. Now we have instant heat.

STERNO OUTFIT No. 75—This stove complete with highly polished aluminum boiler and cover, nickel plated stand and can of Sterno. Outfit nests inside boiler when not in use. Has countless uses indoors and outdoors. Price 75c

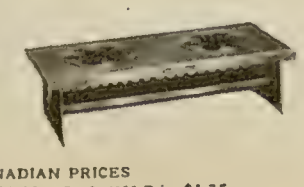
STERNO OUTFIT No. 5002 — Combination double boiler, boiler and frying pan, 2 detachable handles, collapsible stand. Everything nests within boiler when not in use. Price $2.25



STERNO OUTFIT No. 5019—Baby milk warmer heats bottle in two minutes, can be used anywhere. Handsome, highly polished nickel. Saves mothers many steps and much bother. With collapsible stand and can of Sterno. Price $2.50

STERNO OUTFIT No. 4058—This handy handsome sad iron outfit meets a real need for those who travel or stay at home. Iron is of sufficient size to do light ironing, pointed at both ends for fine work. Handle and jacket detachable. Complete with stand and can of Sterno. Price $1.00

STERNO TEA KETTLE No. 6051 — Kettle made of highly polished aluminum, serving tray and stand of highly polished nickel. Price $2.50



STERNO OUTFIT No. 4042—A practical portable kitchenette. A two burner outfit that will meet the needs of an entire family. Folds flat as a pancake. Has windshield to protect flame from drafts. Complete with extinguisher. Price $2.00

CANADIAN PRICES

Outfit 75	Price $1.00	Outfit 4058	Price $1.25
" 5002	" $3.00	" 6051	" $3.50
" 5019	" $3.50	" 4042	" $3.00

Canned Heat 15c per can

Outfit 36 and 5 cans of Heat, price $1.10

TODAY we have STERNO. The handy Canned Heat, with its magic of many uses. Concentrated fuel, in a convenient, little can. Ever ready for instant service. Pleasingly inexpensive.

In your interest, we have designed various Sterno Stoves and utensils for use of Sterno Canned Heat. From the compact, little, folding Sterno Stove for 25c to the largest we make, each offers you wonderful adaptability.

You can use Sterno Stoves in 196 ways, indoors and outdoors, for every form of cooking. Use it in the nursery, sick room, at college, for shaving, on camping and motor trips, boating.

Give Sterno a permanent home in your kitchen. Coffee, bacon and eggs, soup, tea, oyster stew, spaghetti and lots of hot dishes prepared at a moment's notice.

Use Sterno for light ironing, heating baby's milk, on trains, in hotels, heating curling irons. Warming lunch at the office, shop or factory. Picnics, fishing, hiking, entertaining.

Sterno Canned Heat will prove itself to you as eminently practical day after day. It makes no dirt. Its flame is steady and hot. All it does is give *heat, heat, heat* and *cook, cook, cook* at a constant saving of time and trouble.

Various Sterno Outfits are pictured here. If you have any one of them, probably you'll want another. If you've never used Sterno, ask your dealer to show you the Sterno Outfits he has in stock or take advantage of this liberal offer. Sterno is today's "great gift of ready flame."

10¢ per Can

In Far West 15c, 2 for 25c

Use the Certificate

All for 50c

75c Value

This 25c Sterno Stove, Extinguisher, and

FIVE EXTRA CANS

of Heat, if you use Certificate Below

THIS Special Introductory Offer will appeal to everyone who uses good judgment in buying. The Sterno Certificate below is worth 25c to you in the purchase of the wonderful 75c Sterno Outfit shown above of a Sterno Stove and 6 cans of Sterno Canned Heat. You can buy the complete 75c Outfit now from your dealer for only 50c if you use the 25c Sterno Certificate, or if your dealer can't supply send 50c and the Certificate direct to us and get the 75c Outfit sent to you prepaid. Offer good only until July 10, 1924.

Note: In Far West, above outfit is 90c value, with Certificate 65c; and in Canada the price is $1.10, with Certificate 85c.

After July 10th Sterno Stove above can be bought from dealers at regular price of 25c, Canada 35c, (including one can of Sterno Canned Heat and Extinguisher).

Put this handy new Sterno Stove and Outfit to work for you. It will meet every summer need, whether you stay at home or go away. For picnics, motor trips, week-end hikes, this will do all your cooking and last for weeks.

LIBERAL OFFER

Save 25c

Use the Certificate Below—It's Worth a Quarter in Cash for Purchase of Sterno

You'll never make 25c any easier. Go to your dealer, or write direct. See and study other Sterno outfits on this page. Examine them at your dealer's Use the certificate. It's worth 25c cash to purchase any of the wonderful Sterno outfits shown here. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

25c Sterno Certificate

Save it- Use it to Save a Quarter

Sterno Corporation

9 East 37th Street Dept. 154 New York City

Canadian Agent: HAROLD F RITCHIE & CO. Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

Sterno Canned Heat and Sterno Outfits Sold By Dealers Everywhere

USE THIS · TO-DAY

Must be presented to the dealer or direct before July 10, 1924

STERNO CORPORATION, Dept. 154
9 East 37th Street, New York City

I present this 25c Sterno Certificate and _____ in money, express order or check, for purchase of _____ Sterno Outfit you advertise on agreement by you that you will accept this Certificate as 25c cash.

Good for 25c in payment toward combination No. 36 and 5 extra cans or toward Outfits 75, 5002, 5019, 4058, 4042 and 6051.

Name _____

Address _____

When signed by a dealer's customer, Sterno Corporation will redeem Certificate from dealer if sent in by August 10

FASHIONS

Wash Frocks Still Have a Place in the Sun

by Corinne Lowe

IN former summers the wash frock came around as regularly as the iceman or the street sprinkler. Any May was incomplete which did not find our home seamstress at work on the dotted Swisses, voiles, linens, and ginghams with which we inevitably greeted approaching warm weather.

Today a change has come over our midsummer day's dream. With the increasing vogue of sports clothes, the tub dress has dwindled in importance. Indeed, it is not too extreme to say the average woman can get along both comfortably and fashionably without a single tub dress to her name.

On the other hand, a certain number of women feel that a summer without wash frocks is as hollow and meaningless as a summer without iced tea and a hammock. If for nothing else they keep the old time favorite for house and veranda. For, although sports clothes now dominate our landscape, nobody in a crisp dotted Swiss or an immaculate voile can be unfashionably clad.

Logically enough, present day models in linens and cottons have not escaped the prevalent tailored effects. Coat-dresses, boyish two-piece types, shirt-bosom fronts —all are transposed into the key of linen and gingham.

Take the linen model at the right, for example. This two-piece affair with its long-sleeved blouse, its pockets and turndown collar shows how many fashionable women approach the subject of the wash frock.

Another tailored interpretation of the tub frock is found second from the right. In this mauve linen coat-dress, with its white pearl buttons, its pipings, and tucked white linen chemisette, we indicate again the deep tailor trend. These coat-dresses are a favorite solution of the linen or the gingham frock.

When it comes to the dotted Swiss and the voile, the eternal feminine gets a chance to be more eternal. Both of these fabrics are favorite haunts of the flounce and, whether this detail occurs as the familiar knee version finishing off a straight line, unbelted frock, or whether it be more conservative, it represents the designer's most deeply rooted idea on the subject.

Second from the left we show a little cotton voile in the buttercup yellow which is now having such a vogue. In this case the flounces are plaited, and this fact, together with the vestee of self-material and the side-belting, is quite enough for any voile—especially if it be topped by a white Bangkok straw bound with yellow crepe.

That simplicity rules the waves is evident from the black satin bathing suit at the left. There are, to be sure, always spectacular models for the surf. But here the fashionable woman is usually the conservative woman. She chooses black and, whatever color she admits, she lets run, as here, to the gay cape and, perhaps, to her kerchief.

The Master Painter Knows RIPOLIN

He knows Ripolin by this unusual sign—the International Mark of Ripolin. He knows it, too, through many years of experience.

He has used Ripolin on some of the World's most notable public buildings, on great commercial structures in Europe and America, on hospitals and thousands of the finest homes.

And he is ready to use it with equally good results on the exterior of your home or in your living room, dining room, bathroom or any other room.

If you could have had even a part of his painting experience—you would know, as he does, that "low cost per gallon" does not signify "low ultimate cost"—that the *quality of beauty* and the *quality of economy* must be put into the can before you can pour it out. It is for this reason that you cannot find true Enamel *Beauty* and Enamel *Economy* in anything but a genuine package of Ripolin Enamel.

Today in nearly every locality there is a Ripolin dealer ready to serve you. If you cannot locate one conveniently, write the nearest licensed distributor listed opposite. A beautiful tint folder with color suggestions and specifications will be gladly sent to you on request.

Marketed Exclusively by the Following Licensed Distributors:

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RIPOLIN—THE ORIGINAL HOLLAND ENAMEL PAINT
IT'S MORE THAN A PAINT—IT'S MORE THAN AN ENAMEL

Some Quickly Made Designs for the Summer

By Patricia

WHEN it comes to wearing the frock which has taken too long to make half the joy is gone. For that reason our patterns are the simplest you could desire, take little material, and fit satisfactorily.

A design which will appeal to the older woman and to her of ample proportions, as well as her more slender sister, is No. 2096. Its lines give an illusion of slenderness—the panel front being an important feature of the style. This panel can be plaited or plain, as shown in the small sketch below. The stout woman would do best to select plain materials, such as the crêpes de Chine and fine voiles, while the thinner woman may indulge in the printed silks and fancy cottons. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards of 40 inch material for the dress with the plaited panel.

The one piece frock with cascade extending from the shoulder to the hemline is a popular style for summer. Prints, both silk and cotton, are suitable materials for this design. You might use this pattern for warm weather frocks, using a different material for each. In cretonne or gingham, leaving off the cascade, you have a smart looking morning dress. Another could be a fine voile or printed batiste. The pattern for No. 1967 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 4 yards 40 inch material, with 1 yard 36 inch contrasting and 1¾ yards of binding.

Every girl and woman must have a dotted Swiss frock this summer, for they are more fashionable than ever and they are so becoming and launder beautifully. This one illustrated in No. 1790 is trimmed with narrow lace ruffling. Imagine it in blue with a white dot for the older woman and in white or tan with a red or blue dot for the younger girl. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch goods.

You'll want an inexpensive bungalow dress like No. 2046 in gingham or chambray. A green and white gingham would be attractive with white linen belt and collar and trimming around the edges of plain green binding. A crushed raspberry colored chambray would be nice, too, with either linen or organdy for the collar and belt. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32 inch material, with ¾ yard 32 inch contrasting.

The matron who doesn't wish to adopt wash frocks for warm weather months will favor this good looking style shown in No. 2095. It would be practical and attractive developed in an unstarched gingham, pongee, washable silk crêpes, and tub stripes. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards of 40 inch material.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Summer Furs Reach Climax in Ermine Bathing Suit

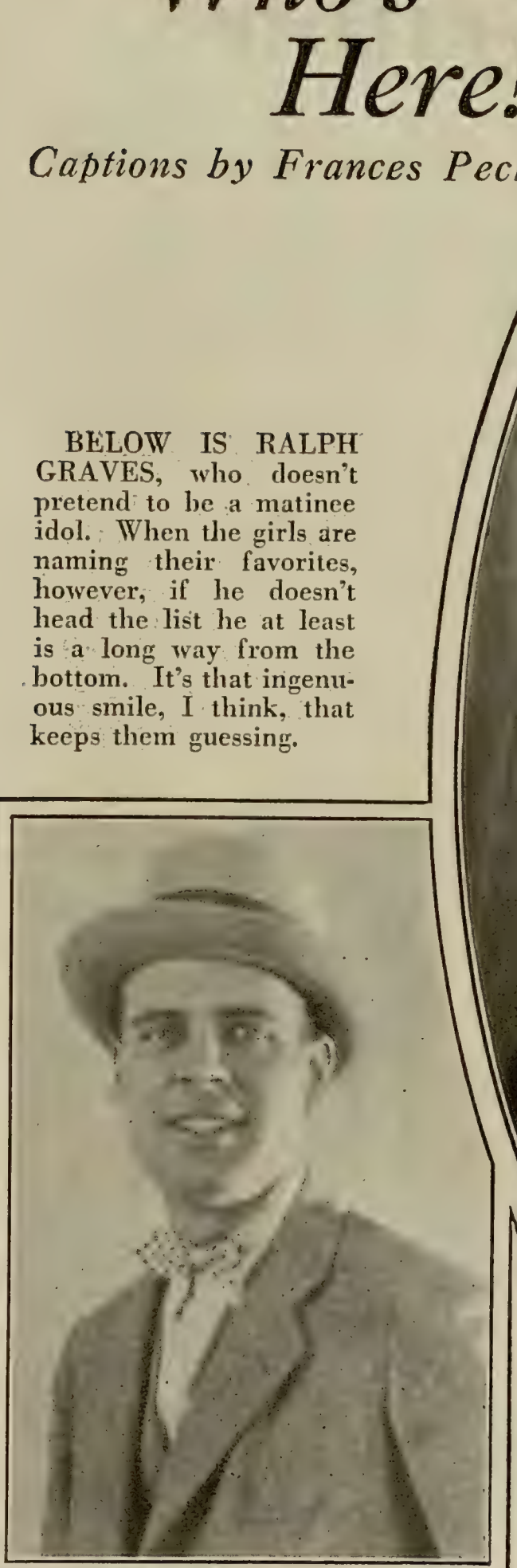
CALIFORNIA BOOSTERS SHOULD HAVE STOPPED this picture before it left the state. Nights may be chilly in the Land of Sunshine, but to have bathing suits made of fur—b-r-r-r! Miss Geraldine Morris wears a white fox scarf, too. Well—maybe she needed it, and then again, maybe the salt water would raise Cain with furs. Anyway—it's a new style! Wide World photo.

BAILEY BEACH GETS THOROUGH CLEANING! Oil washed ashore from wrecked tanker near Newport, R. I., is removed by acids, alkalis and blowtorches before society flocks thence to bathe and frolic. International photo.

HAVE A LIGHT, FELIX! George Carrossella, a trainer of tigers in the Selig zoo at Los Angeles, says Felix likes to smoke. But, ye gods and little fishes, supposing the cigar is a "rope" and Felix objects! International photo.

Look Who's Here!

Captions by Frances Peck



BELOW IS RALPH GRAVES, who doesn't pretend to be a matinee idol. When the girls are naming their favorites, however, if he doesn't head the list he at least is a long way from the bottom. It's that ingenuous smile, I think, that keeps them guessing.

IT'S ALL A MISTAKE! Nobody's getting away with anything! This picture really shows Charles Jones and Marion Nixon at rehearsal.

AROUND THE WORLD these flyers, Lieutenant L. D. Schulz and Lieutenant Jack Harding, plan to go, and Major F. L. Martin until recently was their flight commander. Before the flight started an ambitious photographer took their picture with Carmel Myers and Gertrude Olmsted. Major Martin, you recall, was lost for a while.

Second of a Series of Articles Describing

The Confessions of a Grifter

He was tall, slim, handsome. His manner combined the affluence of a banker with the suavity of an established man about town. And he lived by his wits—a crook! Some odd glimpses of Life are afforded by these revelations of the veteran grifter

To JULIAN STREET

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

FINE MANNERS.

[*Another glimpse into the "grifts" and "grafts" under the guiding hand of Mr. Street, who gathered the material from letters, conversations, and from a manuscript supplied by the man who hereinafter appears as the narrator and desires to remain anonymous.*—EDITOR.]

I SPOKE in my first article of the idea held by some that a grifter looks like a caricature of a card sharper in a comic paper. The situation is the reverse as concerns the cleverest confidence men, though the old time western gambler probably did look the part.

But there is a type of English, French, or Italian crook Americans commonly fall for because their manners are so good that the victim rather looks up to them until he has walked into the trap.

Some of these, particularly the English ones, are men of good family who have lost their money and are too lazy to work, or can't earn enough by honest methods to make them as comfortable as they want to be; but the Continental crook, for all his fine manners, may have been a waiter in a casino. The average European waiter has better manners than the average Palm Beach American anyhow.

One of the slickest of the English confidence men was Artie Seymour. I don't know what has become of him, but he used to work the liners and the fashionable Continental resorts, and he was not unknown in New York. The last time I heard of him was before the war, when his name was up for membership in a well known club in New York. That is how good he was.

He was a tall, slim, handsome fellow with fine, easy manners, popular everywhere he went. His clothes were perfection—lots of fur lined coats and the last word in sporting and riding togs.

He traveled with a valet named John and gave the impression of being rather helpless about business, letting John do everything for him, including the handling of his money and the paying of bills. He would pass casual remarks about his large business interests in London, and there was a more or less mythical partner there who was supposed to be looking after things and sending checks to him.

Here is the story of one of his operations:

On a liner sailing from New York he met a rich westerner named Wilson who had been around mining camps and thought he knew all about crooks. Wilson had a villa at a Continental resort, and before he got off the boat he urged Seymour to come to the same place, which he did, stopping at the principal hotel, where Wilson introduced him to the proprietor.

Seymour stayed there two or three months, entertaining Wilson and his friends and being entertained by them. Then one evening John, the valet, came to Wilson's villa with a note from his master in which he said the hotel proprietor had been very rude to him, stopping him at the door of the dining room and demanding that he pay his bill at once. Seymour explained in the note that this was the first time he had heard about the bill, as John always attended to such things, but he had found the bill hadn't been paid for some time and that he hadn't the full amount with him, but had cabled to his partner and would have it in two or three days.

Wilson, who by this time had absolute confidence in Seymour, and *confidence is everything*, wrote a note to the hotel proprietor saying he was much annoyed with him for having been rude to his friend Mr. Seymour, and that if such a thing happened again he would have to send his friends—and a lot of his friends were continually coming and going—to another hotel.

To this the hotel man cleverly replied, apologizing to Wilson, saying that if Wilson would be responsible for Seymour's bill it was perfectly satisfactory to him. And Wilson wrote back that he did guarantee the bill.

But the money did not come, and a few weeks later Seymour decided to go back to England and get it himself. His partner, it seemed, was "away hunting" and didn't answer his wires.

And of course that was the last Wilson saw of Seymour. The hotel bill was large, but, being very wealthy, Wilson did not mind the financial loss. However, he was the sorest man you ever saw on account of the big dent that the affair put in his reputation for being hard boiled—something of which he was very proud.

MEN like Seymour are usually willing to live comfortably for a few months, clean up thousands, and go on to the next sucker. They are in it partly for an easy life, and Americans are their particular marks. Sometimes they work in with European hotel proprietors, who pad the bills and split up with them.

A good English crook of the gentleman type is very useful to an American mob. I remember one mob that had such a man as its central figure. Their specialty was "laying the package," and they worked it on big saloonkeepers, who in many instances were so ashamed that they didn't squeal to the police.

Three of them would go into a big, prosperous saloon, the Englishman taking the part of a lord who was being shown around by a couple of friends of the man about town type. They would buy drinks at the bar to get acquainted with the proprietor, whom they "warmed" by being good spenders. Then they would introduce Lord So-and-So, and when everything got to going along nicely somebody would suggest a private room and a bottle of champagne.

The kind of saloon they worked was a swell place in which the manager had an office where he entertained his friends and kept his safe, and once they were in here there would be plenty of champagne. A humorous cab driver of the old nighthawk kind was also a member of the mob, and they would now call him in to amuse them, he playing half drunk.

During this time the Englishman would take occasion to flash a big leather wallet, such as his countrymen commonly use, containing a large amount of money, say $3,000, and somebody would notice that the cab driver, who was now apparently very drunk and surly, was looking longingly at the money.

AT this the nobleman would become nervous and would say to the saloonkeeper he was afraid the man meant to rob him; and though his two friends, the men about town, would reassure him, telling him that American cabbies were harmless, it would finally be decided that, if only to make him feel easy, he had better leave his money in the saloonkeeper's safe until next day.

The saloonkeeper now goes to get a large envelope to put the money in, but just as he comes back a member of the party has found one in his pocket, and, the money having been carefully counted out in front of the saloonkeeper, is sealed up in the envelope, which then lies on the table for a time.

Somebody orders another drink, and during this, while the saloonkeeper's attention is diverted, the envelope containing the money is exchanged by one of the crooks for a duplicate envelope containing cut tissue paper, which the saloonkeeper now puts in his safe.

Good-bys are said and the mob gets ready to depart on a night of pleasure seeking, the lord telling the saloonkeeper to keep track of what has been spent and that he will settle up when he comes back for his money next day.

Then, just as they are about to leave, the lord discovers that he hasn't enough money

Somebody would notice that the cab driver, by now apparently very drunk and surly, was looking longingly at the money.

loose in his pocket to keep him going, especially as he intends it to be "his party." Will the saloon man please let him have five hundred dollars until next morning?

The latter, thinking he has three thousand dollars of the Britisher's gilt locked up in his safe, feels perfectly secure, and rather than bother to open his safe again, takes the money out of his till, passing it over the bar; whereupon the mob moves on to other victims who have been lined up by the "locate man" traveling ahead of them.

THE first thing to do after laying the package is to jump to another town before things get hot, and as long jumps are expensive, the mob aims to "get the nut off" while traveling as well. They may accomplish this through finding a sucker or two to play cards with them (I will explain some of the methods of card sharpers later), or they may lay the package on a passenger.

The method in this case is somewhat simpler than in the case of the saloonkeeper, but it is not so profitable.

Before outlining the way it is worked, however, I may as well say that just as the trans-Atlantic sharpers work in with some smoke-room stewards, so that the latter will hand them their own loaded dice or their own marked cards when they want them, sharpers riding on trains very often bribe the conductor to let them alone. This is much more commonly done than most persons suppose.

When a package is to be laid on a train the youngest and most innocent looking member of the mob goes up through the day coaches and locates a chump who is making a through trip. As it is his business to be able to read train hat-checks as easily as the conductor reads them, the grifter can readily find his man, and, having done so, sits beside him and engages him in conversation, finding out where he lives and where he is going.

He then proceeds to establish himself in the confidence of his new found traveling companion by claiming acquaintance with leading bankers in the boob's home town, calling them by name. The names he gets by consulting the "Bankers' Directory," a very useful reference work which a mob of this kind always carries.

Now, as they ride along, the package layer consults a time table, asking the other if he knows how long the train stops at the next station. If it stops ten minutes and if the post-office isn't too far from the station, he says, he will jump off and run up and get a money order, as his sister, who is in the rear coach, wants to send money home to their mother.

They find out from the time table, however, that there will not be time enough to permit him to get a money order, so he decides, with apparent reluctance, to send the actual bills through the mail. The bills, which he now produces, are of small denomination and are all rumpled up, making a big, awkward mess to seal up in an envelope.

The sucker, averse to see anybody risk sending money in such a bad way, will probably offer to take the small bills in exchange for a few large ones of his own, which will at least lie flat in the envelope. Or if he doesn't suggest it, the package layer asks him to do it.

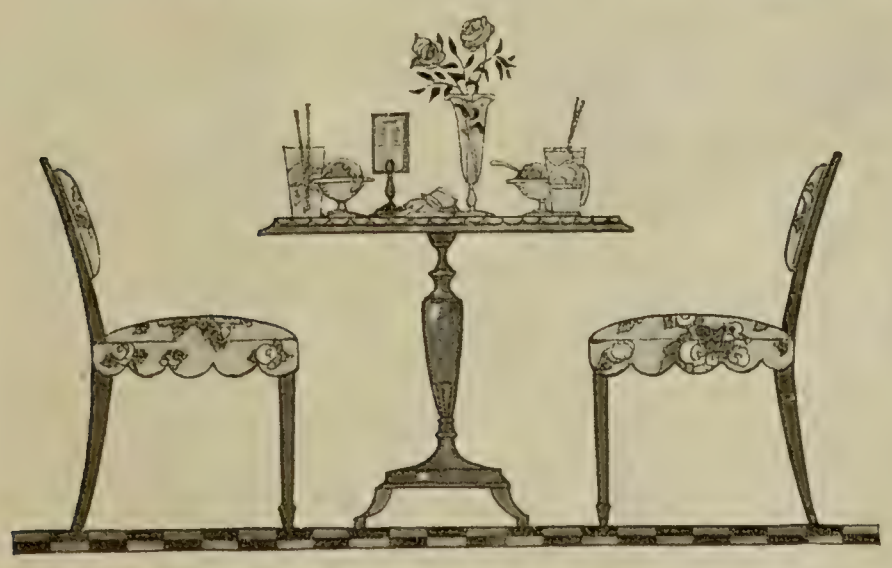
All this is timed, and the train is now nearing the station. People are beginning to get their baggage down out of the racks and jam around in the aisle, creating confusion, all of which plays into the con man's hand.

The amount is supposed to be one hundred dollars, but what the crook actually hands the sucker is ninety-five dollars in small, dirty bills, in exchange for which he receives, let us say, two fifties. The sucker is told to count the money, and while he is counting it the crook puts the two fifties in an envelope, already addressed, and seals it, being very careful, when he does so, that his victim sees exactly what he is doing. Then, by turning over the railroad folder, he exchanges the envelope containing the money for a duplicate envelope containing tissue paper filling.

Having counted the money twice, the victim now reports a shortage of five dollars, and the package layer, appearing surprised, gives him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A treat for your palate— a threat for your gums



LET'S FACE frankly the facts about these soft foods that we relish so keenly.

They please our palates, but they give no stimulation to our gums—no work to our teeth. And it's lack of stimulation that we well can blame for the troubles we have with our gums today. Gums, to remain healthy and hard, need a lively circulation of the blood within their walls.

The work and massage derived from the mastication of coarse food once gave this. But the rich, creamy concoctions with which we regale our palates today, rob our gums of that mechanical stimulation.

How Ipana *stimulates the gums*

IPANA Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that stimulates your gums as well as cleans your teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and healing of soft or bleeding gums.

Dentists recommend it

That is why thousands of dentists now use and recommend Ipana to patients who wish to avoid the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink toothbrush." Many practitioners direct a daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

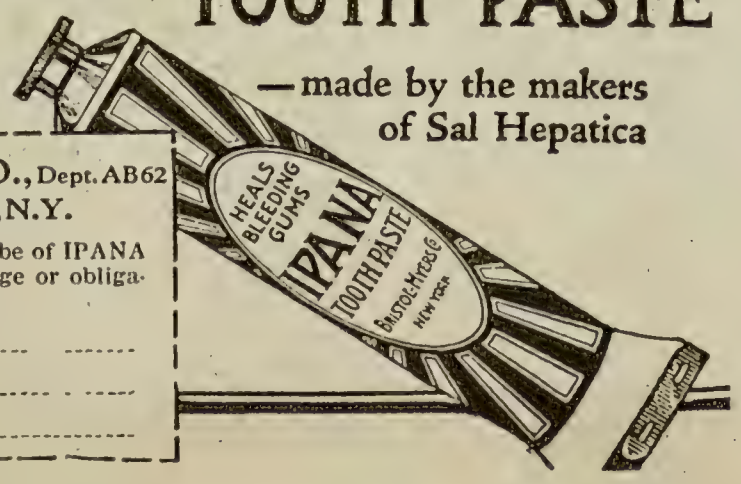
Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB62
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

the envelope containing the tissue paper to hold, while he makes the count himself. Sure enough, his sister has made a mistake. He will run back and show her just what she gave him and get the other five dollars from her.

In order to "make it harder" he hands the boob a stamp folder, containing one lonely two cent stamp which is partly stuck to the paper, making it difficult to remove, and asks him if he would mind getting it out and sticking it on the envelope while he is gone, so the letter will be all ready to pop into the railway mail box on the station platform. Then the grifter hurries off, leaving the boob perfectly satisfied, because he is holding an envelope in which he thinks he has one hundred dollars.

HASTE and the confusion about passengers getting on and off are an important part of all this. The package layer times his departure so that the train starts almost as soon as he is gone, and he simply hops off with the boob's nice, clean bills.

Another member of the mob who has been standing nearby, reading a newspaper, now sits in beside the boob and rides the train to the next station to see if he complains to the conductor, as in that case railroad detectives will immediately get busy, and it will be advisable for the mob, on their next jump, to travel by some other line.

IT is surprising how few men do complain in such cases. As I said, the sucker is on a long journey, as revealed by the ticket in his hat, and he doesn't want to come back to prosecute, even if the crook is caught. Also, when he wakes up and opens the envelope and finds the tissue paper he feels as if he had paid enough for his lesson without getting a lot of free advertising through the train. Of course, he owes it to the public to complain, but he isn't thinking much about the general welfare of the public just then.

This game is, of course, only one of many that is worked on railroad trains, which, like ships, are favorite haunts of the grifter and the dip, or pickpocket.

In another article, to appear in an early issue, Mr. Street will transcribe the narrator's story of "some things I have seen 'dips' do," and about the "big mitt," the "tear up," the "glim peddler," and other grifts.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH FOR

Tongue Twisters!

For every Tongue Twister published in these columns LIBERTY will pay $5

A Tongue Twister is something that makes your tongue stumble. "Around the Rugged Rock the Ragged Ruffian Ran" is a Tongue Twister. What's your favorite? Address Tongue Twister Editor, LIBERTY, Tribune Sq., Chicago.

Tommy Tucker thought Tillie's talk tiresome.—Naomi Galloway, Waterloo, Ia.

—o—

Fifty-five fighting firemen fought furious fires.—Jack Laborelle, St. Paul, Minn.

—o—

Two talkative typists tried to type tedious text.—George Zinky, Cudahy, Wis.

—o—

Sally saw silly Sookey steal six silver sugar shells.—Anna Kent, Chicago.

—o—

Peter Paul patiently paints portly Pansy's porch.—Irving Kreisman, Peoria, Ill.

—o—

Terrible Terry tore Tommy's tweed trousers twenty times.—Arnold Scully, Montreal, Que.

Wee Willy Winkle weekly washes white woolens with warm water.—Ella Barnett, New York City.

—o—

Mischievous, meddling Monney Marshey meets meddlesome Mackey Mondays.—Robert Burhans, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

—o—

Tilly Tuttle titters till Tommy Tubble tumbles.—Mrs. John Jacobson, Houston, Minn.

—o—

Big Barney bent Billie Benson's brown bicycle.—Helen Gerioux, Toronto, Ont.

—o—

Simple Sally Sweetser's servant saw several sunny suites.—Vera Dittsworth, Stockton, Ill.

—o—

Sad Sammy Sharon saw six sick sailors sip soup.—Mrs. J. Hayward, Johnstown, N. Y.

$5 for Bright Sayings of Children—See Page 30

Composite Dogs!
Can You Put Them Together Right?

*This is a*_____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET NO. 8

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are those of a hunting dog whose action resembles that of a pointer. The midsection is of an Arctic dog. The hind legs are of one named for a large Chinese city.

*This is a*_____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET NO. 8

THE HEAD and forelegs are those of a northern Siberian dog used for pulling sledges. The midsection is of one whose name starts with the letter P. The hind legs are of an English dog who scents game.

*This is a*_____
WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE — SET NO. 8

THE HEAD and forelegs are those of a small, long-haired dog. The midsection is that of a dog whose name begins with S. The hind legs are of a dog named after a Mongolian people and used by them in herding reindeer.

The Publishers of LIBERTY Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

Be sure to read Rule 5. DON'T send in cut-outs until you have all thirty of them.

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, Liberty will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody —ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of LIBERTY and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed—3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week

Copyright, 1924: By The Coloroto Corporation

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

Above—A pair of wild pigeons winging their way at high speed. At the right—The prothonotary warbler.

An Article Which Reveals an Unexpected Phase in the Life of the Former President

Roosevelt and His Bird Friends

By E. B. Clark

Protecting a Robin's Nest Seemed More Important to the Fighting Colonel Than Watching the Steps of the White House, and a Kentucky Warbler More Interesting Than a Rate Conference.

EDWARD B. CLARK has been a Washington correspondent for twenty years and a student of bird life from boyhood. He has been in and out of the United States army four times. He served in the recent war as an officer in France. He is a colonel in the army reserve corps.

Colonel Clark was a personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, their natural history pursuits giving them a first basis of intimacy. It was to Colonel Clark that President Roosevelt intrusted his interview on the subject of the "nature fakers" fifteen years ago. This article when published started a controversy between the fakers and the anti-fakers which continued for months.

A BIRD would lure Theodore Roosevelt away from politics, legislation, diplomacy, or economics at any hour of the day or night. This made it a bit hard for a Washington newspaper correspondent, who also happened to be a bird enthusiast, but whose duty demanded that when he could he should talk with the President about pending legislation rather than about red-poll linnets.

A member of President Roosevelt's cabinet told me that once when railroad rate matters were under warm discussion the President bolted from the meeting, jumped out of a window, to return after a few minutes, saying, "Go ahead with rates; it was a Kentucky warbler."

When I went to Washington twenty-one years ago as a correspondent a friend took me to the White House and introduced me to President Roosevelt, whom I never had seen. When he heard my name he said:

"You are the bird man. I want to get out of doors for half an hour."

We did not go outdoors, but into the President's private office, and there talked about birds for forty-five minutes, while Senators, Representatives, and other prominent persons sat waiting, probably wondering what deep matter of state was involved in this conference with an interloper.

One day when the President was talking to me about humming birds, or eagles, or some other feathered thing, James Sloan of the secret service, a member of the President's bodyguard, passed through the room. The President looked at Sloan with something of a grin, and just as he disappeared through the door he said to me, "Poor Jimmy."

"Why poor?" I inquired, and was told to ask Sloan.

I did ask Sloan, and this was his painful story:

"I am supposed to go off duty at six o'clock in the evening when the President goes into the White House. I suspected for some time that he was sneaking out alone, so the other night I didn't go home, but kept a lookout. The Colonel came out a rear door of the White House and started off toward the river. I followed him, unseen.

"When he got down below The Mall he waded waist deep into mud and water. He was looking for snipe, or plover, or marsh wrens, or something else with feathers on it.

"I went into the mud and water after him. I drew one foot up out of two feet of mud and it made a squashing noise. The President turned round and saw me.

"'You ought to be home at dinner, Jimmy. What are you doing here?'

"'Watching you,' I said. 'I would rather stay in this muck for a month than to take a chance on having to explain why I wasn't here.'

"The President walked home like a rebuked schoolboy and promised that he wouldn't do it again."

THE passenger pigeon, known commonly as the wild pigeon, doubtless is extinct. Some years ago a reward of four hundred dollars was offered to any person who could find a nesting pair of the birds and who would safeguard the nest.

Claimants for the reward appeared in all parts of the country.

Scores of investigations were made, but it was found that invariably the claimants were mistaken and that the birds which had been seen were mourning doves, abundant in our fields and forests.

When Roosevelt was President he went to Pine Knob, Virginia, to spend a week-end.

Upon his return to Washington he told me he had seen nine wild pigeons, and that there could be no mistake about it. He wanted to report the discovery at once.

When I asked him why he did not shoot one he said:

"I didn't have a gun, but I know they were wild pigeons."

"Don't make any report on the matter," I said. "Scores of old hunters who in their youth killed thousands of wild pigeons have gone wrong in this matter and have been humiliated. You will only start an Ananias Club row, and you have nothing in hand to prove your case."

So far as I know this is the last report of the appearance of a wild pigeon that had the least semblance of authority about it. Roosevelt kept his counsel, but he always believed implicitly that he had seen nine birds of a species then believed, and now known, to be extinct.

YEARS before he became President Colonel Roosevelt had read about the beauty of the prothonotary warbler and about its interesting habits. He knew that it had made its summer home in company with the wood ducks which nest in the timber, with the sandpipers which bob on the river bars, and with the tree swallows that lightly skim the waters. He had read how the prothonotaries fly back and forth over the river, their yellow bodies reflected in its smooth surface, giving the observer a double color treat at every crossing. He knew that it was a bird little known but well worth knowing. He knew what many persons do not know—why it is called the prothonotary—for did not once upon a time the clerks in the old English courts, the prothonotaries, wear gowns of gold and black? But he never met one in his life.

The prothonotary warbler—the ornithologists pronounce its name one way and lawyers another—makes its nest in a hollow in the stump of a tree close to the water's edge. It is a bird locally distributed throughout the Middle West. Indiana claims it in some abundance and Minnesota in greater numbers. Farther north it occasionally makes use of the tin can for shelter. Failing to find a stump with a hole in it, the warbler will build its nest in a tomato can, or in one which had held some much less delectable stuff.

When Roosevelt was President he had some worries which were apart from politics, legislation and diplomacy. He told me once that the fish crow was one of the chief of his anxieties, for it nested in the White House grounds, where it made life unhappy for the songsters.

Near the northeast corner of the White House there stands a tree with a bough extending toward one of the bedroom windows. Early in the first spring Colonel Roosevelt lived in the White House a pair of robins built a nest on this bough. The President could look into the bird home from his second story window, and look into it he frequently did. The fish crows also looked into the nest and decided that from their point of view its contents were good.

The President called Policeman William Curtiss, whose post was outside the front entrance to the White House. The policeman was told that if he would pay less attention to the White House door and more attention to the robin's nest the President would be grateful.

The policeman collected some broken bricks, which he piled at the base of the tree in which was the robins' nest. Then he watched for the marauding fish crows. The robins saved him some trouble, for every time a crow appeared either the mother or the father bird would spring the alarm, and Curtiss would throw a brick at the approaching winged thief.

For two years the robins successfully raised broods under the watchful guardianship of a President and a policeman. In the early spring of the third year five pairs of fish crows elected to live in the White House grounds and built their homes accordingly. Then Policeman Curtiss had trouble in earnest. He was helped in his guardianship of the robins' nest largely by the fact that it was only on rare occasions that both birds were away from the nest and its treasures at the same time. But one day both robins got hungry together and started out foraging. Policeman Curtiss heard a faint sound and looked up in time to see the last robin's egg disappear down the gullet of *Corvus ossifragus*, for so the scientists call the fish crow.

Policeman Curtiss felt he had been false to his trust. He instantly reported the tragedy, intersprinkling his report with words of apology.

"Curtiss, you saved them for two seasons, and they'll nest again next year. Cheer up!" said the President.

IT fell to my lot sixteen years ago to write the article which contained President Roosevelt's interview on the "Nature Fakers." There were some things connected with the general subject of nature faking as discussed by the Colonel which were not printed during the long drawn out controversy between the attacked and the attackers.

"Instinct," said the Colonel, "teaches mammals and birds to do things which are just as strange as any of the things which irresponsible writers try to make innocent readers believe they do. Why go into the field of fiction when the field of fact is so astounding?"

One of the habits of the great crested flycatcher, a bird which is pretty generally distributed throughout the United States, was of high interest to Roosevelt. He said once that the secret of the reason for one custom of the bird was hidden away forever from scientists' knowledge.

The great crested flycatcher builds its nest in a hole in a tree. The young birds are hatched in the dark. They can not see what the nest in which they are cradled is made of. Under the guidance of their parents they leave the home, and the next spring, as yearlings, they look about for mates, who, of course, were hatched under the same conditions.

A yearling male flycatcher courts a yearling female flycatcher. Neither knows anything about the constituents of the nests in which they were hatched. As soon as they are mated and have found a hole in a tree which hits their fancy as a homesite, they start out to search the country round for a castoff snakeskin, and are not happy until they find it. The skin is carried to the hole in the tree and made a part of the nest.

What is it that puts the thought of a snakeskin into the heads of the great crested flycatcher? Theodore Roosevelt did not know, wanted to know, but was aware that he would never know. His unanswered query is that of all the ornithologists in the land.

THE story is told of Roosevelt's regret because the house wrens had deserted his Oyster Bay home. There was another species of wren, however, in which he was interested, and of which he spoke when he was having his edged sayso about the "nature fakers."

The long-billed marsh wrens (there are also short-billed marsh wrens) are colonizers. A dozen pairs of them will gather in a swamp to their liking and each pair will proceed to build two or three complete nests as like one another as peas. One of the nests will be occupied, while the others literally will be allowed to go hang, for the nests are hammocklike things tied to the reeds.

Theodore Roosevelt said he would like to know, even as all ornithologists would like to know today, why the musical marsh wrens, "mines of melody" somebody has called them, toil wearily to build three homes when one home is all sufficient. There are stranger things in nature than are dreamed of in the stupid philosophy of the "nature faker."

God's Acre, in which Theodore Roosevelt lies, has been made a sanctuary for the birds. Even in death the Colonel is not separated from the companions he loved in life.

THE END

The last robin's egg disappeared down the gullet of the fish crow.

NEW HUDSON SPAN MAKES HISTORY

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY the Hudson River south of Poughkeepsie recently was spanned by a bridge—the temporary suspension bridge shown in the two pictures above. The structure is the "starter" for the great Peekskill-Bear Mountain vehicular bridge, which will have a total length of 2,255 feet, a main span of 1,632 feet, and a clearance at high water of 153 feet. The bridge will have the longest suspension span in the world, and these airplane views, one of which shows the bridge builders at work on their eerie perch, indicate the huge task faced by the engineers. P. & A. Photos.

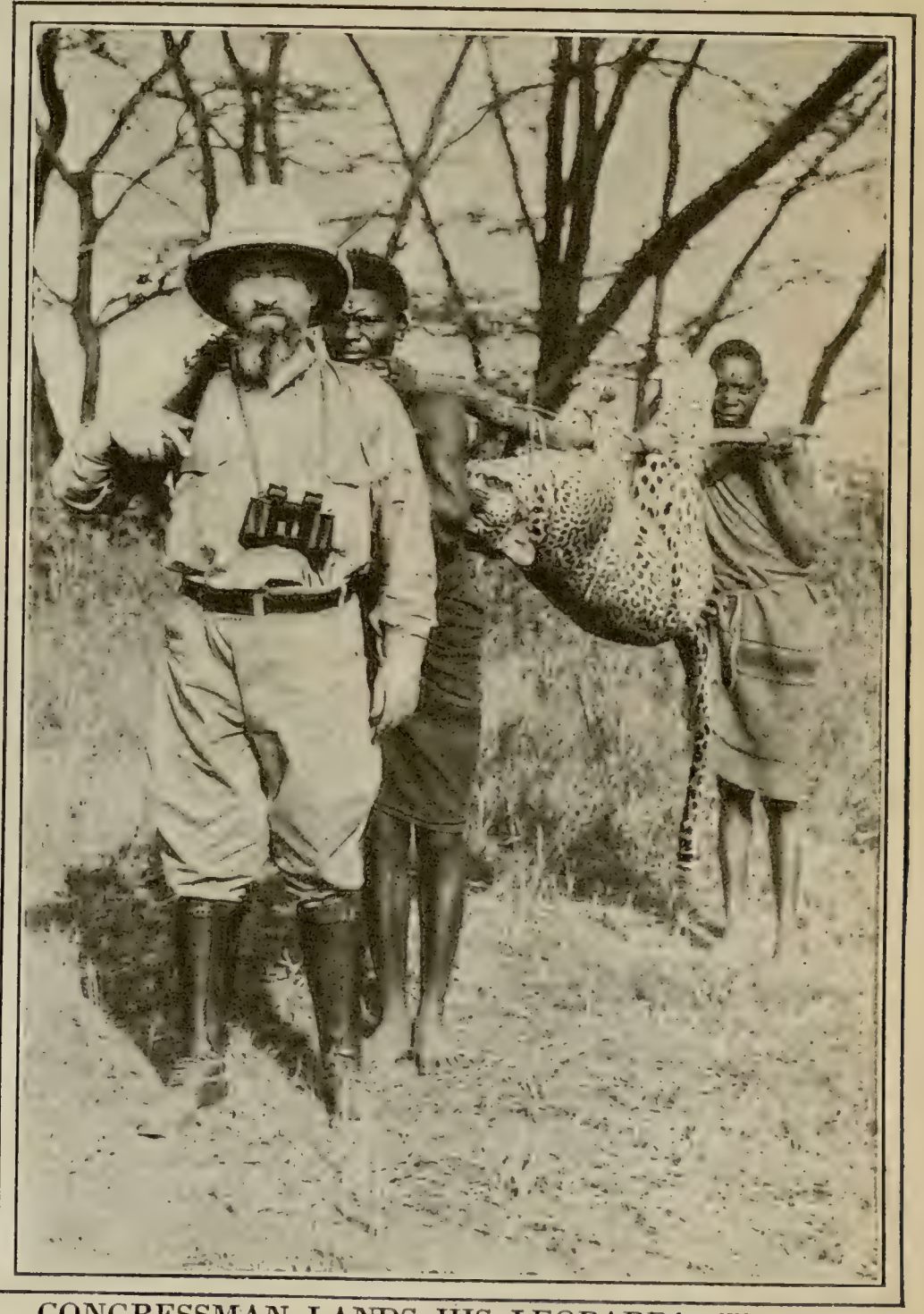
SUNBURN WITHOUT SUNSHINE. This picture shows Miss Lorna Lawrence getting all tanned up by means of an X-ray apparatus so she can play the part of a half-breed girl in a drama. Kadel & Herbert Photo.

OVER BARRIERS OF FLAME THEY GO!

THROUGH THE FIERY BARRICADE dash these daredevil British Hussars and their venturesome steeds, practicing for the Cossack horse jumping display that will feature a London military tournament in connection with the Olympics. The Cossacks had better look to their laurels when these chaps get to riding in earnest!

Wide World Photo.

AND HE WASN'T EVEN INVITED! You can imagine how Dorothy Eaton (left) and Lillian Smolka felt when this bear crashed into their bathing party at Utah Lake, Utah. And he felt the same way. Later they became friends. It happened at the Western Sportsmen's outing. P. & A. Photo.



CONGRESSMAN LANDS HIS LEOPARD! This proud personage in the van is Representative in Congress George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts, and the native boys are bearing into camp a leopard he has just shot. The bag was made during his hunt in British East Africa. P. & A. Photo.

Walton, the Plunger, Risks His Entire Fortune on the

Empire Stakes,

Unaware that Fighting to Defeat Him Is a Woman Wronged

VALLEY of DREAMS

By W. O. M'GEEHAN

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

"Well, Benny, I tell you. If I was to be ruined tonight, I couldn't help it."

PART II— THE EMPIRE STAKES

If you overlooked Part I of this Drama of the Saratoga Races, see page 51 for a complete summary.

UNCLE BILLY PARKER, stretched on a steamer chair in the shadows on the porch, was sleeping peacefully. Benny had surreptitiously presented him with a quart and Uncle Billy had drunk himself into a condition where he had forgotten his wrongs and was at peace with the world.

The light was switched on in the parlor and Dick Landon sat at the piano touching the keys very softly. Before him was a sheet of music marked roughly in pencil. He placed a little notebook on the top of the piano, and with his cigaret dangling from his lips began to play very slowly an air in a minor key. He played it through once, then he began to sing softly to his own accompaniment, sometimes nodding his head as though satisfied, then frowning and coming to an abrupt pause.

The words which took shape so slowly were:

"I am going away to my valley of dreams
Through the forest of shadowy pine;
For the sad and depressed there is comfort and rest
In this beautiful valley of mine.
Won't you wish me Godspeed to the valley I seek
As I start while the summer moon beams?
I will wait for you then, till I see you again
In the beautiful valley of dreams."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Landon shook his head and frowned.

"It needs something," he said to himself. He lit another cigaret and began to play it over again.

A figure stole out of the little arbor on the lawn before the Villa Parker and came quietly to the edge of the porch. It was Julius Wolf.

The music came to him through the open window. He became interested suddenly. He reached into his pocket and, producing pencil and paper, proceeded to scribble as the song writer remained absorbed in his work.

AGAIN and again Landon went through the tinpan refrain. Uncle Billy on his couch stirred quietly. He awakened gradually and listened to the music without making a sound. At first he listened drowsily, then his mind began to clear. Suddenly he was aware of the figure below the porch, and became conscious of the fact that this person seemed to be intensely interested.

Uncle Billy rose from the chair and the figure flitted swiftly to the arbor. Uncle Billy followed and cornered Julius Wolf under the ivy arch.

"O, it's you, Mr. Wolf," said Uncle Billy. "Why aren't you up at the States or somewhere with the rest?"

"Didn't feel like going out tonight," was the reply. "I decided to stay home and try to dope them out for tomorrow. You can't stay out all night and pick them, you know."

"Kind of pretty song Mr. Landon was playing. Were you trying to copy it?"

"What put that into your head?" demanded Wolf. "No; I was just doping a couple of races. The light was bad in the arbor and I went up near the house so that I could see."

"Uh, huh," said Uncle Billy, unconvinced.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything about it, though," said Wolf. "It's nothing, of course, but Landon is sore at me and I wouldn't want to make any trouble. Here, win yourself something tomorrow."

He thrust a bill into Uncle Billy's not any too reluctant hand and went into the house. Uncle Billy followed him, but tacked off into the kitchen and turned on the light. It was a twenty dollar bill Uncle Billy saw before he thrust it into his pocket.

With Billy Parker the receipt of cash called for another gesture.

He dug up the overnight entries and began to study them eagerly.

"Valley of Dreams," he cackled suddenly. "That's it, the song and me waking up. My God, what a hunch!"

Benny Kaplan came back from the enjoyment of Broadway and entered the room he shared with the handicapper.

"Well, Moe," he asked, "what do the figures say tonight?"

Miss Covington swayed for an instant. Then she leaned against a pillar and stood watching the car bearing the body of the man who had crossed her path for the last time.

Moe looked at him absently. The sorrowful eyes were sadder than ever.

"Benny," he said, "I am a sick fellow and tonight I feel very bad. Figures? I am getting very sick of them! They can't lie, yet all the time they have been lying to me till I should throw them out."

"Moe," replied Benny, "it is you who have all the time said the figures always told the truth and the fellow who wouldn't admit it was a sucker. What is it which is coming over you?"

"I don't know," said Moe hopelessly. "Tonight I am working on the handicap, and I couldn't keep my mind on the business. I got thinking of the place where I was born in Lithuania and my father's garden, which is in a little valley there. Such a valley, Benny, the nicest in the old country. And the moon was shining on the valley and I saw popper and mommer just as plain as I see you now."

"It's a dream you were having, Moe," said Benny soothingly.

"THAT'S it—a dream about a valley," said Moe excitedly. "Then I go back to the figures and The Hun is so many pounds the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Vollrath Outing Set

Let your outing outfit be completed with a Vollrath Outing Set. This lunch set is ample for a party of six, including all the essential dishes for the outing. They are snugly contained and clamped within the pail or bucket. You are freed from confusion and packing of dishes. Your lunch set is all together in a minimum amount of space—all the bother gone.

Vollrath dishes are easily washed, will not break, and have a decided advantage over glass or china. These dishes are triple coated with Vollrath pure white enamel. They are a part of the famous Vollrath Line, the line so popular in the American household.

Vollrath makes two Outing Sets, each suitable for a party of six. No. 1, the larger set, is shown above—observe how complete it is. The No. 2 Junior Set is similar, with smaller plates and serving dishes and but one salad bowl. The pan, which is a part of the set, is used as a cover. It is securely fastened by a three-prong wire clamp.

Purchase a Vollrath Outing Set through your Vollrath dealer

Vollrath Ware is sold at hardware and department stores throughout the United States.

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THE VOLLRATH CO., Sheboygan, Wis.

Established 1874

Look for the blue oval label.

No. 1 Outing Lunch Set 22 Pieces

6 dinner plates, 8 inches
6 individual serving dishes
1 salad bowl, 1½ quarts
1 salad bowl, 2 quarts
1 pan, 9¾ inches
6 tumblers with handles
1 8-quart pail

No. 2 Junior Outing Lunch Set 21 pieces

6 dinner plates, 7 inches
6 individual serving dishes
1 salad bowl, 1½ quarts
1 pan, 8 inches
6 cups with handles
1 6-quart bucket

VOLLRATH WARE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

best horse that it is a shame to run the race. But then there is the mystery horse which I cannot place him at all. The figures got all blotted out and then, Benny, do you know what I done?"

"What did you do, Moe? I never could guess."

"Well, Benny, I tell you what I done," said Moe with a tragic sweep of his restless hands. "I sent out Valley of Dreams for the Rose Special. If I was to be ruined tonight I couldn't help it. Benny, I have gone back on the figures." Moe buried his face in his hands with the grief of one confessing high treason or the remorse of one who has shattered his dearest idol in a fit of madness.

"Moe," said Benny, "for once you are taking a chance against the figures. Any one should take a chance once. Supposing it should win, look at the business. Rose's Special picks a twenty to one shot which nobody knew about excepting Rose's service, what had private information."

"But the figures say The Hun can't lose," objected Moe.

"I hope they lie," said Benny. "Funny, I'm thinking about a valley, too, but the name of the valley is Wall Street, and it is at the bottom of the big buildings instead of the hills. That's the valley for me some day, Moe. The suckers are thicker there than they are on the race track, and believe me, Moe, they ain't got half as much chance. Also a smart fellow can get away with more. For me, Moe, the valley of dreams is Wall Street. Let's turn in and dream some more, because tomorrow comes business and dreams is scratched."

Later a little runabout stopped before the Villa Parker and Letty and young Covington alighted. They paused near the porch.

"What a wonderful night," she said. "I hate to go indoors."

"One of the most wonderful nights there ever was," he said.

"A night for dreams like the one I had last night."

"Was it a pleasant dream, Miss Letty?"

"Very. I dreamed of a big white house in a wonderful valley with great green hills all around it. It must have been a horse farm, for there were lots of horses there and big stables. And I saw the horses running. Why, I could even see the colors the jockeys were wearing."

"What were the colors?"

"They were sky blue and silver and all of the horses seemed to be one color, golden chestnut. I wonder if there is any such place in the world."

"I am sure there must be," he said, and seemed a little startled.

"Good night," she said. "I must hurry away again to the valley of dreams."

When he returned to the Villa Parker after taking the car to the garage a block away it was dark. A light rain had started to fall and the house was shrouded in a luminous mist.

THEY were not early risers at the Villa Parker. The guests straggled down at all hours up to eleven to the constant annoyance of Aunt Lucy. Persons who concentrate on the improvement of the breed of the horse with the outside chance of improving their finances get that way. The object is to be at the track in time for the first race. Nothing before that matters. Afterwards the time is to be spent in rejoicing or sorrowing until late at night.

Letty found her uncle in a state of happy excitement.

"Letty," he said importantly, "I'm going to the races today, but don't tell. And I'm going to make a good bet, too. And say, I'm going to take you with me for a mascot."

"But, Uncle, where did you get the money?"

"Sh-h! That's a secret, too. I got a badge for myself and a lady's badge from Johnny Primrose." Letty knew very well that Johnny Primrose was a mythical character and was a little worried.

"You meet me at the corner of Broadway at one," he continued. "We're going to the races and you watch your old uncle cash a big bet, honey. I just want to show Aunt Lucy the opportunities she made me miss."

Benny and Moe entered, putting a stop to further confidences between the uncle and niece. Moe was more morose than ever. Benny was normally gay. The others started to take their places at the tables. Only the two most recent boarders were absent. Landon came down with his pallor intensified and the cigaret drooping from his lips.

"What do you think, Mr. Rosenberg?" called Farrell across the table. "The missus had a dream about a valley or something last night and wants me to put a bet down for her on Valley of Dreams."

"There's a woman's intuition for you," said Uncle Billy. "I saw Johnny Primrose this morning and he told me in confidence that he had positive information on that horse. 'Billy,' he told me, 'you can bet all you want on Valley of Dreams. That is the good thing of the season.'"

"Is everybody here crazy?" demanded the usually sunny Benny Kaplan. "What is the matter with everybody? Don't you know that The Hun is in that race with Wiltsee up? I am going before I am crazy, too." He stalked out of the dining room.

The afternoon was oppressively warm and languid. Far off rumblings heralded a gathering thunderstorm in the Adirondacks. A steaming mist hung over the race course. The running of the Em-

"That's Wiltsee, the great jockey," said Uncle Billy in tones of reverence. "He is going to ride The Hun today."

pire and the fact that The Hun was entered brought the greatest crowd of the season and it began to assemble early.

There always is something furtive and feverish about a race track crowd even when it includes what the society reporters class as a brilliant assemblage mixed with the regulars. The crowd at a baseball game is frank and boisterous, the crowd at a prize fight is frank and blood hungry, but there is always a repression about the crowd at a race track, the repression that comes over the gamblers. The unhealthy excitement charges the very air.

In the clubhouse inclosure they conceal it better, but it is there. In the grandstand and on the lawn before it this excitement is much more easily sensed. Even those who come with no interest in the "sport of kings" become infected by it. Somebody said once that it was caused by the larceny concealed in the hearts of all human beings.

Whatever it is, this strange excitement establishes an absolute democracy. Everybody talks to everybody, in low tones of course, and everybody listens to everybody. The talk is subdued because the speakers fear that while they are talking they might not overhear something that might be whispered close to them. On the track the faintest whisper, the wildest rumor is held worthy of consideration.

The clubhouse inclosure was crowded early with beautifully gowned women and their escorts. In the paddock and around the jockeys' house men clustered in groups penciling their programs and talking in habitually low tones. They were men of all walks of life. A staid and plump looking business man would be rubbing shoulders with a villainous looking young man in a cap. A dapper man in immaculate flannels might be borrowing a light from a grimy looking stable hand. It was the same sort of temporary equality that exists at the polling place.

UNCLE BILLY PARKER piloted Letty through the paddock. The restless and furtive look had come into Uncle Billy's eyes, too, and he was preoccupied. He had opened his program to the fourth race and with a pencil had drawn an oval around the entry, Valley of Dreams.

"Now, Letty," he said, "I'll find you a nice place in the stands, then I've got to go and find Johnny Primrose. He's awfully hard to find in a crowd like this, too."

As he led her through the crowd Uncle Billy indicated celebrities to her. "There's Hogan over by that tree. That little man over there is Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons. The man with that lady on the bench is Mr. Cosden."

A diminutive young man passed them on the way to the jockeys' house.

"That's Wiltsee, the great jockey," said Uncle Billy in tones of reverence. "He's greater than Tod Sloan or Snapper Garrison. He rides The Hun today."

"Well, he doesn't look like a hero," objected Letty. This remark was taken in the light of sacrilege by Uncle Billy and he ceased to announce the passers-by.

He found a place high up in the grandstand for Letty.

"Now you wait right here," he said. "Don't move away from this place because you would get lost in this crowd. And Letty, I want you to hold this for me 'til I come for it. I might get touted and I don't want to, because I made up my mind just to shoot the works on one bet."

He thrust a crisp bill into her hand and darted down the stairs with surprising agility. Uncle Billy was having a very full day. He was back on the turf with money to bet. Letty settled back in her seat.

Walton stepped out of his car just before the start of the first race and made his way to his accustomed table on the veranda. His eyes were a trifle bloodshot and the pouches under his eyes had turned a purple hue, but his bearing was jaunty and the sneer in his face had deepened. A waiter brought him newspapers and a long blue envelope.

He frowned only slightly at the sight of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A hint that may save your child's hair

WHEN your little girl is in her tender teens, her hair needs even more attention than it will at twenty-five. The lovely soft hair that nature gives to childhood must be washed with only the purest materials if it is to stay lovely.

Not only do harsh, ill-smelling soaps soon ruin the fresh lustre and sweetness of the hair, and make it brittle, but they irritate the delicate, tender scalp as well.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather that is so pure it cannot injure even a baby's soft, silky hair—so soothing that it leaves the scalp fresh and white—so delicately perfumed that it leaves behind only the fragrance of cleanliness. Yet it is even more cleansing than harsh soaps.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair healthy, sweet and lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

headline: "Walton to Face Grand Jury Probe." He tore open the envelope and a mimeographed slip caught his eye. It read:

"ROSE'S Special for today is Valley of Dreams. Our reports from southern tracks make this to be one of the greatest horses of the century."

Walton crumpled the slip and thrust it into his pocket. It would lengthen the odds on The Hun to some extent, he felt. He was there with his back to the wall. Every dollar at his command was on this race. Some poolroom in every big city had some of it to put on The Hun. If The Hun lost it would mean prison. No; it would mean the little ivory handled revolver in the cottage at the States.

Casual acquaintances halted at the table to talk to him, for Walton had no real friends. To all queries regarding the race he would say, "I'm betting." His commissioner came up and announced in a whisper, "I have fifty thousand down at even money."

"I want a hundred thousand more here," said Walton.

"But the odds will shorten. There's no betting but a little on the Giltney entry and a little sucker money on this southern horse, Valley of Dreams. It started at thirty to one and they've backed it down to twenty to one. I guess it is just one of those things."

"Get me a hundred thousand more," said Walton.

The bugle was calling the horses to the post for the first race. On the lawn, that stretch of trampled and dying grass before the grandstand, the crowd pressed close to the rail. On the clubhouse veranda a few men dashing in from the paddock handed slips to other men standing at stations. No money passes under the law of the State of New York.

Up in the grandstand Letty was still waiting after the first race. Uncle Billy rushed toward her bubbling with excitement.

"They're backing Valley of Dreams down already," he said. "That shows the wise money is coming on him. Give me that bill. I want to get it to my betting commissioner before the price falls off any more." He took it and was gone, almost falling down the stairs in his excitement.

The band began to play again between races. Back to the west the shadows deepened, though the sun was bright in the green infield. The rumblings in the distant peaks increased in volume. The storm was coming down the valley from the Adirondacks, and it was close and humid. Men perspired and mopped their brows as they gathered in knots, whispering or making sudden dashes to the paddocks, then back to where the bookmakers waited.

Through it all Walton sat at the table on the clubhouse veranda getting his reports from the betting commissioner.

"I don't understand," the man said. "They have backed that southern horse down to fifteen to one, and there is plenty of place money on him. Somebody must have sent out a wild tip."

In the meantime Walton had been receiving telegraph dispatches in code. Smoothly and swiftly every asset he possessed was being staked on The Hun to win.

The third race, a steeplechase, had been run. Walton pulled himself to his feet and walked out to the saddling paddock. The crowd was thick around the elm where The Hun was being walked slowly about by a stable boy. He was swathed in a horse blanket and his magnificent head was covered with a white hood. Walton pushed his way through and sat on the bench beneath the tree. Fitzgibbons sat beside him and they talked in low tones.

"Well?" demanded Walton.

"The horse is right," said Fitzgibbons. "He can go a half mile farther even with that weight."

"If he doesn't win," said Walton, "you will have no job and I will have no stable."

"He will win," said Fitzgibbons imperturbably. "I'm telling Wiltsee to get the jump and to keep it. If any of them start to come up he'll let the horse out a little and break their hearts. The Hun can kill them all off but the horse of the devil himself."

All this time The Hun was walking majestically around in a circle. Like all great horses, he was docile until the barrier went up, then he was a mad, winged creature.

"Look at him," said Fitzgibbons. "The grandest bit of horseflesh that ever lived."

"Yes, yes," said Walton impatiently. "Remember, he has to win."

A BELL jingled in the house near the paddock. The jockeys in their bright silken jackets were going toward their mounts, diminutive boys, most of them, with the faces of wise old men. Wiltsee in the Walton colors, black with purple cross sashes, pushed through the crowd to the tree and nodded to Walton.

"There will be a big present in this for you," Walton told him. Wiltsee smiled. "I think it's in," he said. "I'm on for a bundle myself."

Walton pushed his way out of the circle. As he made his way back to the clubhouse he looked around for the saddling place of the mystery horse. Then he remembered that it was at the stall of his enemy, Burgess, and farther on behind the trees. He sat at his table again and refreshed himself with soda and some of the contents of his silver flask.

"They've backed that southern horse down to ten to one," his commissioner told him, looking worried. "Nobody seems to know what it's all about, and the odds are still shortening."

"That doesn't interest me," snapped Walton. "Did you get everything down?"

"Yes," said the commissioner. "Jerrod said he wouldn't take another dollar. I think he laid off some of it at that."

The shadows in the west continued to gather toward the track, and there were distant flashes of lightning, with peals of thunder rising crescendo. The bugle sounded and the thoroughbreds filed out from the paddock to pass in review before the judges' stand.

THE HUN, with his flanks shining like black satin, led with the numeral 1 on his saddle cloths. Behind him came Plebeian, a sway-back horse with a Roman nose, no beauty but a stayer. Then the strange horse came out, his flanks shining like burnished copper. He wore no blinkers and carried about as magnificent a head as was ever seen on a horse.

"Number 3," said a voice close to Walton. "That's Valley of Dreams, and I don't know those colors, sky blue with silver cuffs and cap. A beauty, but he's up against The Hun and Wiltsee, the combination that can't be beaten."

"Don't forget the rest of the combination," said another voice. "Don't forget Walton's luck is in that combine, too."

"If that southern horse had Wiltsee up instead of Sanders I might put down a little take-a-chance bet," said one of the innumerable voices that buzzed into the ears of Walton.

The starting point of the mile at Saratoga is in "the chute" and is concealed from the spectators in the stands and the clubhouse. A clump of trees cuts off the view abruptly, which causes a feverish suspense.

Walton set his binoculars and moved close to the rail of the porch, leaning against a post. Necks were craned, and those in the lawn bore against the fence as though they would force it down.

A dark shadow fell across the infield and the sky was black. The storm was hovering overhead, but all eyes were turned toward the opening in the clump of trees. There was an almost inaudible murmur far off. It rose in the stands and turned into the shriek:

"They're off!"

Almost the instant this cry was heard above the din the white hooded head of The Hun flashed through the opening. The Hun was followed by the golden chestnut horse. The rest swirled out in a tangle. Walton had his binoculars trained on his horse. The Hun was running beautifully, with that long, graceful stride. He

opened the gap by the furlong pole, and at the quarter that gap was still wider.

"O, you Hun!" "Come on, you Hun!" they were screaming. "There's a racehorse. There's a jockey."

The leaders were running stride for stride. Then Walton thought he saw that gap narrow.

"Valley of Dreams is coming up," somebody shouted. It was true.

"Now watch Wiltsee let him out," shouted another.

"There goes the Valley making his fight."

"He can't do it. The Hun is killing him with that pace. You watch him die at the turn. The Hun is a murderer."

The storm, about to break, made it so dark that it seemed like a race in the twilight.

"The Valley is catching him," the crowd screamed. "He's catching The Hun."

As the horses rounded the turn it seemed as though the muzzle of the golden chestnut horse almost touched The Hun.

Back in the grandstand a noisy group was shouting, "Come on, Valley of Dreams!" Down by the fence a few were jumping up and down as though delirious.

Walton, through his powerful binoculars, saw something that made him suck in his breath with a whistling noise. The black horse in the white hood seemed to falter and to stagger as they came into the stretch. He could see the boy in the sky blue silks using the whip. The golden chestnut leaped into the lead and The Hun seemed to stagger from side to side, almost bumping the rail as the sky blue silks flashed to the fore.

The golden chestnut came on a length and a half ahead of the sturdy Plebeian, while the coupled horses fought it out for third place. Then the storm broke and a peal of thunder drowned for just an instant the shrieks of the crowd.

"The Hun broke down," came the word from the track, and was passed from mouth to mouth just as the golden chestnut cantered up to the judges' stand and Sanders in the sky blue silks held up his whip in salute.

Walton made his way over to his table and drank half a glassful of raw brandy from his silver flask. He sat there facing ruin with that same set sneer.

ONLY a few saw the stately woman in black descending the stairs from the upper veranda of the clubhouse. In the gloom, with her pallid face, she looked like a wraith.

As she passed the table where Walton sat she looked at him with a white, set face. He rose and stared at her, and the look upon his face was the look of a man who was peering at the head of Medusa.

"Helen," he gasped, but the name was spoken in such a low tone that it was unintelligible.

Then Walton seemed to sway. His knees crumpled beneath him and he fell to the floor. The woman looked down at the prostrate man just an instant and flitted into the gloom. There was a blinding flash of lightning. It lit up the waxen face of Robert D. Walton staring upward with eyes that saw nothing.

The first man who reached him muttered, "My God, he's cold as ice already!"

A physician held one of the icy hands and started with surprise.

"He is dead," he said. "If I had not seen him fall I would be willing to testify that he has been dead for hours."

The storm passed on almost as suddenly as it had broken and a brilliant rainbow arched from east to west.

Letty and Uncle Billy arrived first at the Villa Parker. Uncle Billy, who had been dancing and screaming like a madman out in the open, had been drenched to the skin. But he was possessed now of untold wealth and he was hysterically happy.

"I'll split with her," he announced. "But first she's got to admit that I got real judgment about horses and that when Johnny Primrose says 'go' you can bet your shirt."

A covered car stopped at the house and the mysterious woman boarder alighted. She came straight to Letty.

"My dear," she said very gently, "will you please help me? I must be on that train to New York and I am not very well just now."

Letty went with the woman to her room. Uncle Billy took up his post to wait the coming of the boarders. He had become a person of real importance now. He was preparing to take the pose of the nonchalant turfman to whom the winning of sums as vast as four hundred dollars was merely an incident in the day's routine.

Young Covington walked up the path rather hurriedly. Uncle Billy was ready to answer his conversational "How did you do?" with an airy "O, I win about a thousand." But Covington merely nodded and passed up to the veranda. Letty burst out of the front door.

"I'm helping your aunt get ready," she said.

"O, that's so kind," he said.

"Are you going with her?" asked Letty.

"No, no," said Covington, very quickly. "I am not going for some time. I have a lot to do before I leave. My aunt has booked passage to Europe. That is why she must hurry." His face was joyful as he seemed to read relief in hers.

Benny and Moe came up the walk together. They were too absorbed to notice Uncle Billy.

Julius Wolf passed Uncle Billy with no sign of recognition. The bearing of Wolf was that of a heavy loser. Uncle Billy became very downcast. He would not be able to have his real triumph in the utterance of that nonchalant, "O, I win about a thousand." But the Farrells saved him.

"How did you do, Uncle Billy?" called Farrell.

"O, I win about a thousand," said Uncle Billy, grinning with delight.

"So did we," returned Farrell. "Much obliged for the information. That friend of yours, Johnny Primrose, certainly knows the game." Uncle Billy was ready for anything after that.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY:

AT Saratoga interest in the great Empire Stakes is at white heat. Robert D. Walton, the plunger, has entered his famous runner, The Hun, in the race. It is rumored that Walton, a man of means, who is separated from his family, is slowly being forced to the wall and is facing grand jury action.

Miss Helen Covington, stately and prematurely gray, and her nephew John take a suite at the modest Villa Parker. Little is known about them except that Miss Covington has entered her horse, Valley of Dreams, in the Empire Stakes. Young Covington soon becomes friendly with Letty, orphan niece of Uncle Billy Parker. Letty also has another admirer, Dick Landon, the song writer, who was gassed during the war.

Walton, desperately seeking information about the mysterious Valley of Dreams, learns that the horse was entered by "H. Covington, Happy Valley Farm, Kentucky." The name recalls a black and tragic incident of his youth, an incident in which he cast aside a woman who loved him. The day of the Empire Stakes nears.

Miss Covington came down followed by her nephew. She looked paler and even more worn than when she had come to the house, Letty thought.

"There goes the late Robert D. Walton," said Uncle Billy as an undertaker's automobile passed the house. Miss Covington swayed for an instant.

Then she leaned against a pillar and stood watching the car bearing the body of the man who had crossed her path for the last time.

"Good-by," said Letty, timidly, to Miss Covington. "I hope you will feel much better soon.

THE older woman turned and something like tears showed in her eyes. Then she walked to Letty and for an instant held the girl in her arms.

"I wish I had a daughter like you," she said. Then her nephew escorted her to the car and they were whirled away. Letty waited for Covington's return on the ivy screened porch, while Uncle Billy went inside. It seemed that Covington never would return, but he did.

"My aunt has plenty of sorrow," he said. "But I will tell you about that some other time. She likes you and I—I like you—I love you more than anybody could. That is why I am staying—until I can make you come away with me."

"I will—and just as soon as you want me to," she said very simply.

The ivy curtain hid them as he held her in his arms, until they heard the voice of Uncle Billy. "O, I win about a thousand." She drew away, smiling.

"You don't mind if I tell Mr. Landon the very first," she said.

"Surely, my dear, and I like him too, because he has been such a kind friend of yours," he said.

"I'll run up and bring him right down here," she said, and flitted away. She was back anxious and alarmed.

"He's gone," she said, "without telling me; and all of his things are gone. I knocked and looked in and nobody was there. Nothing was there but this." She handed him an envelope addressed to "Miss Letty Parker."

"You open it, John dear," she said.

He tore open the envelope and pulled out a few sheets of music.

"Why, it's a song," she said, reading, "'Valley of Dreams, by Richard Landon.'"

"And here's a note," he said, handing it to her. She took it and read slowly:

> DEAR LADY: The wandering minstrel has decided to wander along and leaves you a minstrel's gift, a song. I found out that the thief Julius Wolf intended to steal it, but I have stopped him. I sent to have it copyrighted, and the papers will come in your name. It might be a hit and again it might be a flop. Say to John Covington for me, "He has started west," and he will understand. Good-by and good luck. I hope to see you in the Valley of Dreams.

Tears welled in the eyes of the girl so that Covington had to take her in his arms again.

"It is so sweet of him and so sad," she sobbed.

"There, there," he said, stroking the brown head tenderly. "You mustn't."

She became quiet again and looked into his face, smiling a little wistfully.

"Is there a Valley of Dreams, I wonder?" she asked.

"There is a Valley of Dreams," he said firmly. "And some day, I hope, we will go there together."

THE END

The Spark of Sarajevo

Glancing Backward from the Ten Mile Post at the Spectacle of Twenty-Seven Nations in Arms, and at the Loss of 9,000,000 Lives and $180,000,000,000 in Property!

Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife, who were assassinated at Sarajevo, and their children.

By Richard Adams

THE world is on the verge of observing the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War. Generally speaking, the first seven days of August are looked upon as the birth-week of the four-year horror. Russia counts August 1 as the day it began, for it was on that date that Germany declared hostilities upon the Tsar.

France looks at August 3 because it was on that day the Kaiser declared war against her. Great Britain declared war on August 4, and therefore, to the subjects of King George, that day marks the beginning of the real hostilities.

But actually the war began on the morning of Sunday, June 28. Just three shots were fired in that initial engagement, killing two relatively unimportant personages—Archduke Francis Ferdinand, nephew of the Emperor of Austria and heir to the throne, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg.

They had been quite unimportant in the world's affairs. At another period in the world's history they might have been murdered and quickly forgotten, as had been petty rulers before them.

But Europe was ready for war; all that it needed was an excuse. And sickly Francis Ferdinand and his colorless wife became great, significant figures in history. It makes one pause to think what would have come of the incident had the murderer been other than a Bosnian student who loved the land of his fathers, Serbia, so much that he was willing to assassinate the heir to the throne of the country which he hated.

HIS name was Prinzip, and many legends have been associated with him. The chances are that he was no more of a dreamer than a thousand young men of the Balkans who belonged to secret revolutionary societies and were given to mysterious plottings and intrigues in the name of freedom.

It seems so long ago. In the ensuing four years every horror that man could perpetrate came to pass. Nine million men were killed by the war which followed, and long before the end of the conflict half the world had forgotten

A Decade Ago, on June 28, Three Pistol Shots Set the World Aflame

the archduke's name, the boy who fired the first three shots, and shook its head mystified when the name of Sarajevo was spoken.

It happened in Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, a little country conquered by Austria. To the Serbs June 28 meant a day of mourning. It was the anniversary of the dismantling of the old kingdom of Serbia — the defeat at Kossovo, nearly five hundred years before. The Austrian government had decreed that there should be no Kossovo demonstrations in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, stating that such an affair would interfere with the plans of Francis Ferdinand.

The archduke had come from Trieste to attend the maneuvers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Army Corps. The police had warned him of the many plots against him and the government he represented. Particularly he was implored to avoid Sarajevo on Kossovo Day. He insisted upon going there. Perhaps it was courage, perhaps arrogance.

A GREAT crowd saw Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess enter Sarajevo that morning, but it was not a cordial crowd. Occasionally there would be applause, and the archduke would touch his military cap and the duchess would bow. At the approach to the Chumuria Bridge spanning the Miliatzka, a small box was hurled toward the motor car in which the royal pair rode. It struck the hood of the car and a policeman brushed it off. It exploded, slightly injuring two persons in the motor immediately behind the archduke's and wounding seven men and women in the street crowds.

Young Prinzip steped out of the crowd, past the police, and fired three shots.

The capture of Prinzip, the Bosnian student who shot down the heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs. His act rang up the curtain on the World War.

A compositor named Gabrinovitch was arrested. The train of motors continued to the town hall, where the burgomaster welcomed Francis Ferdinand. The burgomaster had prepared a speech of welcome—a speech not unlike that with which any mayor of an American city might welcome a great dignitary.

"What is the use of your speeches?" sneered Francis Ferdinand. "I come to pay you a visit, and I am greeted with bombs."

The program at the town hall suffered in consequence of what happened. It was made brief, and upon its conclusion the archduke announced his intention of riding through the narrow streets of Sarajevo. Government officials failed to dissuade him.

"I know Bosnians," he scoffed. "They seldom try to murder twice in one day."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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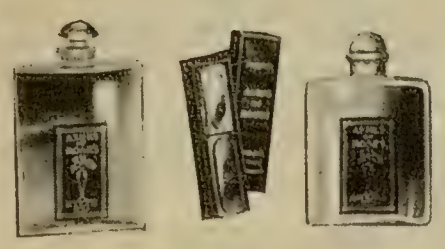

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

Ten minutes later young Prinzip stepped out of the crowd, past the police, and fired his three shots. He and his friend Gabrinovitch were tried, but they escaped the death penalty.

The German Emperor was at Kiel attending the ceremonies of the enlargement of the canal. The British fleet was present, lending an air of friendly international congratulation. The news of Francis Ferdinand's assassination halted the celebration and the Kaiser hurried to Berlin.

Austrian emissaries came to him and asked what Germany would do in the event of war. They were assured that Germany would not desert them. In Germany the murder was looked upon as something inspired by Russia, or at least condoned by the Tsar because of Russia's desire to see a strong Balkan league formed and the real or imaginary threat of German and Austrian commercial and military ambitions minimized thereby.

AFTER many conferences with Germany, while the rest of the world sat still, wondering what was going to happen, Austria-Hungary presented to Serbia on July 23 a set of demands wholly unprecedented in the relations of one sovereign power with another. The truth seems to be that Austria intended that her terms should be unacceptable. This, briefly, is what she demanded of Serbia:

1. That Serbia publish on the first page of her Official Journal a condemnation of the Serbian propaganda against Austria-Hungary.

2. Regret for the part that Serbian army officers and government officials took in the dissemination of this propaganda.

3. That Austria-Hungary take part in the judicial proceedings against all accessories to the plot which resulted in the shooting of the archduke and his wife.

4. The censoring of school text books which were not friendly to Austria-Hungary, the latter to be the judge of what was unfriendly.

5. Removal from the army and the government of all persons not in accord with Austro-Hungarian aims.

6. The coöperation of Austria-Hungary and Serbia to insure the future territorial integrity of the former.

Austria demanded that Serbia reply by six o'clock in the evening of July 25.

Nobody knew better than Sir Edward Grey, the British Premier, that war was almost a certainty, although he went to every possible length to avert it. He asked Austria to extend the time in which Serbia was to reply. Austria refused. Russia began to mobilize. Germany began to gather her forces. Grey was asked by France and Russia to declare himself. What would England to do in case of war? Germany asked Grey to state that England would remain neutral.

Grey did the only possible thing—put off replying to both questions and worked for a delay. Serbia's reply was delivered on time and the world felt relieved, because Serbia had acceded to every demand except two, the removal of unspecified officials and the coöperation of Austria-Hungary and Serbia to insure the territorial integrity of Austria-Hungary.

These two demands Serbia would refer to The Hague for mediation. It must be remembered that the shooting did not occur on Serbian soil.

THE British Premier called upon Russia, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Serbia on July 27 to submit everything to a conference of the ambassadors in London. Germany refused, saying that it had never been Russia's affair, anyway, and that Russia must demobilize before she could be regarded as a sincere participant in any conference.

And the war began. On July 29 Austria began bombarding Belgrade.

A month had elapsed between the murder of Francis Ferdinand and Austria's declaration of war. Americans, disarmed by the careless shrugs of European shoulders, remained, believing that something would happen to avert trouble, that war was impossible; that it was but a nine-days' wonder.

But the war caught them lagging, and the scamper for home was on. There was uneasiness at first, but not fear. Then Germany declared war on Russia; on France. Do you remember the panic? The wild appeals to the American consulates and embassies? The almost terror when food and money vanished in an hour? Money ceased circulating, it seemed, and even food was hard to get. Somehow the whole food supply seemed to have been locked up. The mere civilian counted for nothing.

The Germans under Von Kluck and Von Bülow were storming down from the north. Paris was their objective, and all human and mechanical obstacles in their paths melted away. The speed of the German army was incredible. To get home to America before the Germans arrived on the Marne was the aim of every American visitor in Paris.

The scramble was wild, but it ceased before the Germans came within striking distance of the French capital, from which the government was prepared to fly. The rest, all but the very youngest of you know—Flanders, Champagne, the Marne, Soissons, Heligoland, Verdun, the Argonne, Sedan.

THE END

"I almost got to brooding as this pair worked together while I sat on the sidelines and watched. I felt so out of the game and lonely.

Fourth Installment
THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS

The Office Wife

By JIM and KATHLEEN

The light that came into Jim's eyes at Miss Ames' suggestion was not the light that Kathleen saw in them when he looked at her.

Illustrated by W. B. KING

By Jim

KATHLEEN came to the office today. She just dropped in without any notice. Now, there was nothing particularly disturbing about that, and yet it did disturb me for no particular reason.

I was busy when Kathleen came in, but, as long as she did come, I had her brought right into my private office. I was very busy at the time dictating some very important stuff to Grace Ames, my stenographer. She is more than a stenographer, at that. She knows the business and she has ideas.

Is she attractive? Right now I cannot say. I am a busy man, and she is one of the accessories that help me speed up. We are friendly, of course; just as friendly as two toilers in the same workshop could be.

I am sure that Kathleen was made to feel this, because the work proceeded just as though she had not been there. I have been working so long with Miss Ames and she has such a quick intelligence and such a grasp of things that I do not have to dictate as one would dictate to the ordinary stenographer.

For instance, as Kathleen sat down I guess I must have rambled on something to this effect:

[Continued in Third Column of Next Page]

By Kathleen

OF course everybody will say that it was a woman's curiosity, or even insinuate that it was the germ of jealousy, but I am quite satisfied in my mind that it was nothing of the sort. In fact, I might even declare that it was mere wifely solicitude.

I dropped in on Jim at the office on some trivial pretext. I have been there only once before, when he first moved into it. Naturally, as it was all new, I did not carry away any particular impression except that he had a lovely flat topped mahogany desk and that everybody seemed to like him and to be particularly nice to me.

But the office takes up so much of Jim's time and keeps him so preoccupied I wanted to see just what it was like when I had a clear head and when I was not so impressionable. Do not think I am one of those silly women who think that the business is taking their husbands from them.

I would not want to have Jim poking around the house all the time if I could. He has his man's work to do.

The office boy (with freckles and a wonderful boy grin) took me right into Jim's own office when I announced myself. That boy had

[Continued in First Column of Next Page]

Kathleen's Story: Continued from Preceding Page

the kindliest grin I ever saw on an urchin's face.

Jim was busy—very busy, I could see that. He was working away at one of those letters which was to bring big business. They do very frequently. So I had just to sit in a corner while it was being worked out. It was strange to me, all of it, though I do not consider myself stupid at all. If I had stayed in office work, and had been doing something along these lines, I might know a good deal about it.

There was no pang of jealousy over the physical attractiveness of Miss Ames, I assure you.

What gave me a pang was the fellow workman spirit that plainly existed between Jim and this capable, self-possessed, and, as I said before, very attractive young woman. She gave him suggestions that made his eyes light with interest and appreciation. Of course, this was not the light I have seen in Jim's eyes at times when he looks at *me*. But it was a light that showed respect for this girl's brains.

I got almost to brooding as they worked together like a skilled pair in mixed doubles at tennis while I sat on the side lines and watched. I felt so out of the game and lonely! Of course, when the game was over Jim would come home to me. But in the meantime he was absorbed in the game and not in me.

THIS all is quite silly, isn't it? But I suppose every woman feels that occasionally she must have her husband all of the time and is jealous over every interest in which she does not share. Well, not every woman, perhaps, but a great many women.

It is silly, because the game of living seems to be so ordained that the man must be going out to get things for the woman, and I suppose all women should be content with the arrangement. I remember my grandmother telling me, though, that she handed up rifles to her husband when they were fighting off the Indians and how she had to pull out an arrow when it stuck in him.

I wonder now if this desire to work beside Jim is the spirit of my grandmother speaking? Or is it just the spirit of little Dora Copperfield wanting to hold the pens while her husband wrote so she could just sit around and adore him? O, no! I am not quite that silly about Jim.

Now, I am sure I made a mistake in this little private investigation. I see that now. I should be just like the average women, or wives, rather, who are content with the knowledge the office is some place where the husband goes in order to get the wherewithal to pay the rent and the bills.

It's the continual "The woman's place is in the home" for me, I guess. I am not complaining about this contract I entered into, but somehow the home is not filling everything for me. That makes me talk like a bad wife in the moving pictures, I guess. But I must be frank about it to myself. If it makes me a bad wife, make the most of it!

Jim's Story: Continued from Preceding Page

"Now, on that Smith Brothers prospect, I think we gave them all we could on the street car display, and it did not seem to take. Suppose we try to sell them on the Brown & Roberts string of magazines?"

"You did try that," Miss Ames reminded me. "It almost took, but not quite. I can get the letter for you."

"Never mind; I remember now," I told her. "Then there is only one thing to do—take the big chance and try to get them for full pages in the national magazines. Get ready."

Then I started to walk the floor, as I always do when I am trying to put my whole mind into a letter. I forgot that Kathleen was there. I dictated, then ordered sentences crossed out.

Twice Miss Ames interrupted with suggestions. One of them was a good one—a corker. The other was not so good. I discarded it and got in something better, or, at least, it was a considerable improvement.

Toward the end I was stuck. I tried a couple of times to get what I wanted. Then I said "Damn it," very naturally. Miss Ames has heard me thinking out loud frequently enough. She is a sensible girl, of course, and never has been shocked. All she said was:

"Better have another cigar. It will come to you before long."

She saw me fumbling for matches and drew some out of the drawer of her desk. As I lit the cigar I recalled Kathleen was there, and I smiled at her.

"I'm a little dull today," I said. "Perhaps I had better let the rest go until tomorrow."

THE fact was that noticing Kathleen again just broke up the day's work. I felt I couldn't make the grade. I do not know why it was, either. Certainly I am used enough to Kathleen by this time, and I was in no way embarrassed to have her walk in on me. Moreover, I always give her some outline of the day's work when I get home nights.

I am not going to quote "The woman's place is in the home." That's rot, but somehow I nearly felt it at the time. I don't want Kathleen around where I am working, and I don't know why. She doesn't fit into it. The work and the home are things apart. I am sure of that.

Of course, Kathleen worked in an office before we were married. But we are married now. She is no part of my office. She is all of my home. I must tell her that. It ought to please her, because *the home is secondary* to all offices and all work. Perhaps she will get the idea and not be around much while I am working.

An Own Your Own Soul Club is suggested by Jim as a counter to the feminists' Keep Your Own Name Club in another installment of "This Marriage Business," to appear soon. Read how Kathleen expected to convince Jim she might be allowed to work and how Jim reacted to "Miss Hagar" and feminism.

The Turning Point in the Life of E. H. Gary

An Interview with the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation

"I HAVE always entertained a feeling of pity for the man who sneers at religious teaching. It seems to me that such a man has failed to achieve a life; that there is something important which he has failed to realize.

"Almost everything we do in this world is based on a kind of faith, whether we are actually conscious of it or not.

"Constantly we have examples given us of the ancient truth that faith does literally move mountains.

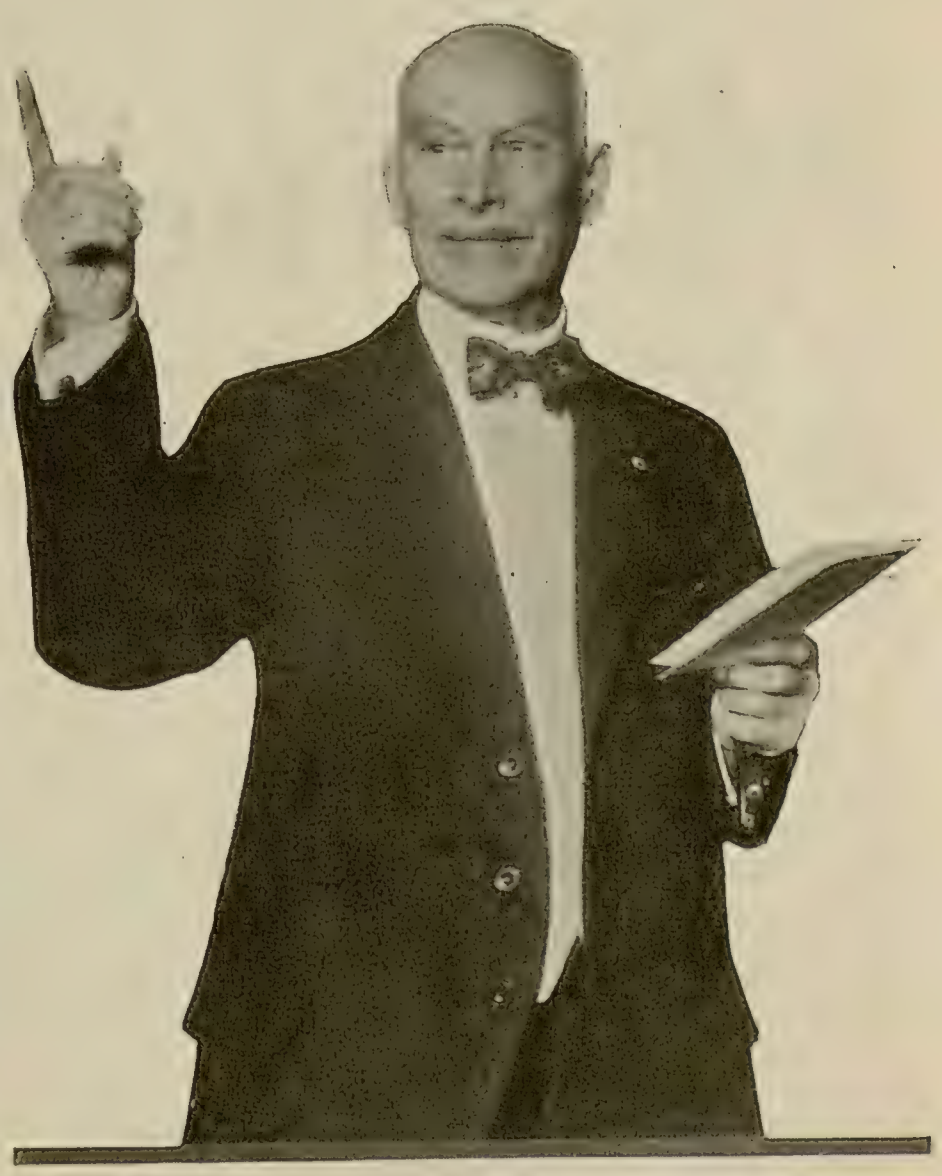
"And practically every man I have known who has achieved something worth while has possessed some unusual power, based on the faith that this would see him through.

"Experience of one kind or another, which may in later years prove constructive or destructive in the making or marring of one's life, represents largely the experience gained in one's youth.

"Fundamental truths instilled in the minds of the young become a part of their lives. No one should belittle the value of religious teaching.

"We must have some code of ethics to guide us, otherwise we put ourselves on a par with the barbarian upon whom we frown.

"Many a man's turning point in life is the direct result of this teaching, or the lack of it. I am glad to say it influenced my early life, and more than once this early training which I received in the country church has aided me materially in successive turning points in my career."



E. H. GARY

ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

A Thrilling Serial Novel—*By George Barr McCutcheon*

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Remember the Mysterious Stranger of the Old Inn in the Last Installment of Romeo's Adventure? In This Installment We Learn His Identity.

What's Happened So Far in the Story.

Romeo Egerton, twenty-three-year-old athletic hero of this story, was deeply in love with Eulora Oglethorpe, daughter of his employer. That is to say, he was engaged to her at the beginning of the story and might have succeeded in eloping with her, against the wishes of her father, had it not been for a roadster. This roadster was to be a present to Eulora and she was anxious to possess it before the elopement. Romeo objected to playing second fiddle to an automobile and decided to bury himself in some out of the way place as a hermit.

He became involved in a quarrel between two strangers, Antietam Craig, elderly legal adviser of the Barron family, and his nephew, Ferdinand Hadberry. The quarrel ends abruptly when Romeo knocks Ferdinand out with a right hook to the jaw. Antietam Craig suggests to his beaten nephew that he withdraw from the scene until Romeo cools down, and Ferdinand rushes off, vowing never to return. Craig thereupon tells Romeo the history of the five Barron girls in Moon Village, classic dancers, and how Ferdinand, their manager, came to fall in love with all five of them, finally marrying Susannah (the eldest), who sacrificed herself to save her four sisters. Immediately after the ceremony she declared herself a widow, refusing to have anything to do with her husband in name only. Craig draws from Romeo an account of the latter's experience with Eulora Oglethorpe and suggests that he apply for the position of manager, vacated so suddenly by Ferdinand. Romeo agrees and they travel to Moon Village.

In the meantime, Eulora Oglethorpe is trying to find the vanished Romeo. She puts detectives on his trail, inserts advertisements in newspapers, but in vain. Romeo has vanished.

Reaching Moon Village, Romeo is charmed by the sweet, though autocratic, old Mrs. Philemon Barron, who, in spite of her eighty-odd years, is exceedingly spry on her feet. Romeo passes the examination successfully and is then brought face to face with the five beautiful Barron sisters, whose "manager" he is to be.

Several days pass and Romeo finds the situation becoming very alarming. Little incidents seem to point to the fact that these beautiful five sisters are falling in love with him. Even Susannah—the self-declared "widow" of Ferdinand—seems to have fallen prey to Romeo's charms, when an incident occurs which threatens to break up the arrangement before it had fairly started.

The cause of the misunderstanding was an innocent jocular remark of Romeo, regarding the "widowhood" of Susannah—and the ominous silence with which his sally was received should have warned him; instead he made it worse by starting to enlarge upon it, whereupon Susannah froze him with a look and the other four sisters snubbed him. Although he offered an immediate apology, things seemed to be drawing to a rapid dissolution of the partnership. Preparations for the first public appearance of the Five Beautiful Barrons under the new manager had been made, however, and the little flare-up was extinguished before it had done any further damage. Martha had planned to conduct Romeo through the old tumble-down inn, and, despite the misunderstanding, insists on carrying out her plan.

As they walk slowly through the old building, a peculiar odor puts them on the alert. Someone had been smoking cigarets in the building, and Romeo and Martha tiptoe from room to room trying to run down the smoker. As they come to the large bedroom on the second floor and open the door, Martha lets out a shriek, pointing to the big four poster bed in the very center of the room. And that's as far as the last installment went. Now you may go ahead with the story.

OVER between the windows stood a massive four poster bed austerely canopied. Half a glance revealed the disturbing truth: it had been occupied by some one who had made no attempt to put it in order after sleeping in it. The counterpane was rolled up in a wad at one edge of the lofty and disordered bed tick; the feather bolster, considerably awry, bore the imprint of a sleeper's head. There were grimy indications that the late occupant had not removed his shoes.

"Some—somebody has slept in that bed," shrilled Martha, clutching Romeo's arm.

"Sure as you are alive," said he. "Somebody who"—he sniffed the air—"somebody who has been violating the Volstead Act. I guess I'd better have a look around. You go outside and wait for me. There may be a drunken man somewhere about the place, and I'd rather you did not——"

"I loathe and despise the sight of a drunken man," she cried, shivering a little as she edged toward the stairs. "Toward the end, Ferdinand drank a good deal," she went on, speaking of Mr. Hadberry as if he had failed to survive a mortal illness. "He was perfectly disgusting. Yes, Romeo, you search the house. I will wait outside for you. If—if you need help—just scream."

He grinned. "And what would you do if I were to scream?"

"I would come to your assistance," she replied promptly, and he knew that she meant it. She had a plucky look about her.

He searched the inn from top to bottom, a task that consumed a full half hour. It could have been done in much less time had he not become vastly interested in the things that were visible rather than in his quest for the invisible. Romance dwelt within the walls of this dilapidated old relic of dead days, and at heart Romeo was a profound and eager romanticist.

He spent many minutes in the kitchen, furtively handling mysterious utensils; he went down into the cellar, and up to the garret, the roof of which was sadly in need of repair. He saw spinning wheels, trundle beds, work baskets, skirt hoops, box cradles, girondelles, sconces, a spinet, and countless pieces of furniture that would have gladdened the soul of the most rapacious of collectors. And it was while he was inspecting these rare, and in most cases shattered, treasures that he suddenly thought again of Eulora Oglethorpe—and could not put her out of his mind. He could almost see and hear her rhapsodizing over everything, and all the time nudging him to look at this and that, and—O, well, heigh-ho!

He found no trace of the mysterious lodger, but he was able to report later on that one of the window shutters at the back of the inn was unfastened.

The fourth Miss Barron was sitting on a log hard by when he emerged from the inn, covered with dust and cobwebs. She was the picture of patience.

"Well?" she cried, eagerly, as he advanced.

"Vanished, vamoosed, cleaned out," he announced, and then blurted out:

"I say, are you in the habit of sitting on that log?"

"What?"

"Have you ever sat on that log in the moonlight with—with Ferdinand?"

She regarded him steadily for some moments before replying. A rosy pink suffused her face.

"What is that to you, Romeo Egerton?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. Absolutely. Only I'd like to know, that's all."

She appeared to consider well before remarking:

"It is no business of yours whether I sat on this log in the moonlight with Ferdinand, but I don't mind telling you this much: It was before he was married."

"That goes without saying. It is barely possible that he was engaged, however."

"He was," she announced, darkly. "He was engaged to me."

"The dickens you say!"

"He was engaged to all of us except Cornelia, and he would have been engaged to her if Susannah hadn't married him when she did."

"Lord, what a picnic he must have had," boomed Romeo. "Engaged to four girls at the same time and claiming all the privileges!"

"What do you mean by privileges?" she demanded.

"What does a fellow usually do when he is engaged to a girl?"

"You mean kissing and all that?"

"Naturally," he grated, astonished to find that the very thought of it made him furious.

"Are you jealous, Romeo?" she asked, softly.

"Certainly not!"

"Because if you are you needn't be. He was engaged to me but I wasn't engaged to him. I—I wouldn't let Ferdinand Hadberry kiss me with a ten foot pole. What did you find in there? Any sign of anybody?"

"No," he replied, gruffly. Then, perceiving that he was on the verge of making a fool of himself, he shrugged and announced:

"It couldn't possibly be of the slightest interest to me, anyhow. And as for my being jealous, Martha Barron, I beg to remind you that I am engaged. And, what's more," he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

hastened to add for full measure, "to only one girl, not to half a dozen."

She received this with her most baffling smile. "I guess we'd better hurry and tell grandma about this visitor, Romeo," she said.

THAT same night Romeo saw the fairies. After his game of cards with old Mrs. Philemon Barron in the hot, close sitting room, he had gone to bed in a puzzled state of mind.

The stars were out, but there was no moon. A dim, still night with vague shadows.

He had not been long in bed when his ear caught the sound of music. It seemed far away, yet strangely clear and distinct. Not the clear strains of stringed instruments; no, not that, but rather the faint, muted humming of a wordless melody by voices out in the mystic night. Never loud, yet always swelling and diminishing in movements strangely suggestive of the approach and retreat of bees magically endowed with the power to carry a tune in flight. Romeo got up and looked from the window on the murky, starlit green at the side of the house. He saw the fairies.

Dim, vapory figures flitting noiselessly through the air—he rubbed his eyes, blinked, and then stared in breathless astonishment. The Dance of the Nymphs! Outside his casement window—the Dance of the Nymphs! Joyous, graceful sprites swirling in clouds of gauze, soundless save for the murmur of hushed, sweet voices and the swish of gossamer wings.

They were perhaps a hundred feet away from the window, in the clear open space facing the orchard; in daylight a level green plot of greensward, but now a blue-black void through which they moved as if guided by capricious winds. At times they seemed about to soar up to the treetops and off into the boundless night, only to settle gently back to earth again as the butterfly alights at the end of a brief journey; at times they glided swiftly along the ground, fluttering their misty plumage in preparation for flight, only to leap high and then sink like wisps of thistledown into the very grass itself. Sometimes they were blown toward the window in which he knelt enthralled; but always they met a counter breeze that, catching them in midair, whirled them away again.

Suddenly he was conscious of a fear that caused him to draw back from the window—the fear that they might be frightened away if they discovered that he was watching them.

But even as he responded to this belated impulse, they took flight. He watched them dance rapidly off toward the corner of the house, swinging their arms and—yet, curse the luck—giggling!

The beautiful illusion was shattered. He leaned forward on the window sill and followed them with his eyes until they disappeared beyond the barrier wall. But what the deuce were they laughing at?

The dogs began to bark; then came ominous growls which grew louder as the beasts rapidly approached the scene of the recent carnival. As abruptly the growling ceased, and all was still again.

Romeo was at once alert. Those sage old guardians were not barking at the fairies nor at the blinking stars.

Somebody was out there in the yard.

AN enormous black shadow emerged stealthily from the blacker shadows of the orchard. Even as it assumed the shape of a man Romeo's startled gaze took in the figures of the two dogs bearing slowly down upon it. To his utter amazement, the intruder did not turn tail and flee pursued by the faithful beasts. Instead of that, the man held out his hands and up came the dogs to nose them in the most friendly manner imaginable.

Presently the man and the two dogs advanced, crossing the starlit space, to disappear in the wake of the vanished nymphs. Whereupon, Romeo, in great agitation, bethought himself of the loaded shotgun in the corner of the room. Nasty work ahead! Bloodshed if needs be! But before anything of that sort could possibly be considered, it was necessary for him to get into a pair of trousers. He couldn't rush out in the yard and go banging about with a shotgun, bringing everybody tumbling out of the house in alarm, without a pair of trousers on.

"Keep cool," he said hurriedly and often to himself as he snatched up the armor of respectability and inserted his legs.

GRABBING up the gun, he started for the door, turning back, however, for a hasty look out of the window, a shrewd decision on his part, for there in plain view was the mysterious visitor, standing motionless out in the open some fifteen yards away. On either side of him sat a dog. The picture was significant. Whoever the fellow was, he was no stranger to Peter and Betsy. Moreover, there was no mistaking the fact that he was gazing intently at the upstairs windows on that side of the house. Romeo was on the point of ordering him to throw up his hands when the man turned and walked directly toward the window from which he was looking. Whereupon the interested watcher drew back a few paces and waited.

Straight to the window came the stranger. Not only that but, to

Romeo's astonishment, he cupped his eyes with his hands and peered into the room. His face —or his nose, rather—was actually pressed against the screen. A deep, profound sigh escaped his lips, a gusty sigh that carried fumes of alcohol up to the nostrils of the invisible inmate.

Romeo started. The tramp—the bibulous tramp of the bridal chamber! The varlet who occupied the sacred bed with his shoes on, who smoked cigarets all over the place—and who, no doubt, sat upon the log last night and consumed fourteen—— At this timely juncture the visitor struck a match, and, lounging against the window sill, proceeded to light a cigarette. Having accomplished this, he raised the match above his head and peered again into the room.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Romeo, dumfounded.

"Holy——" burst from the lips of the stranger. He leaped back from the window as if shot.

"Stand still! Put up your hands! I've got you covered."

The man stood still. He stood as if petrified, still holding the flickering match above his head and staring at the face in the window frame.

"So it's you, is it?" demanded Romeo. "What are you doing here, Mr. Hadberry?"

"Well, for heaven's——" Here the match scorched the speaker's fingers and went out. Mr. Hadberry uttered an appropriate oath. "Wha-what are *you*—doing here?" he gasped, after a moment.

"O, you recognize me, do you? You haven't forgotten your little friend, Priscilla, eh?"

"Well, can you beat it!" exclaimed Ferdinand. "What the devil—how do you come to be here? What——"

"You will be interested to hear, Ferdinand, that I have taken your place," announced Romeo airily, beginning to relish the situation.

Ferdinand sagged forward. "The—the hell you have," he gulped, thickly. "Say! Is there anybody in that room with you, you——"

"Don't get excited, Ferdinand. I am enjoying the same solitude that you enjoyed while occupying this room."

FERDINAND was silent for many seconds, evidently collecting his scattered senses.

"What you mean, young feller, is that you've got my job," he said at last, in a tone of undisguised relief. "You are working here? Wouldn't it make you sore if I was to say that I'm sorry for you?"

"Not a bit. I'm very happy here."

"Is it part of your job to sit here in my room and watch the girls dance?"

"Not at all, not at all. Besides, it isn't your room any longer. It's mine."

"Say, were they doing that dance especially for you?" demanded Ferdinand. "Did they arrange to let you have a box seat, you——"

"Certainly not. I didn't know anything about it. It was a complete surprise to—I say, wasn't it wonderful? Did you ever see anything more entrancing? Did you——"

"They used to do it for me," sighed Ferdinand.

"They did?" cried Romeo, a trifle dashed.

Ferdinand leaned his elbow on the window sill and propped his chin upon his hand.

"I couldn't stand it any longer. I just had to come back," he said, wearily.

"I see," said Romeo, experiencing a sudden feeling of compunction. "You came simply to catch a glimpse of your wife."

Ferdinand shook his head dejectedly. "Well, you can put it that way if you want to. As a matter of fact, I came to see all of 'em."

"Don't try to be funny, Mr. Hadberry."

"Wait till you've been here as long as I was —or even half as long," was Ferdinand's

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He rubbed his eyes, blinked them and then stared in breathless astonishment.

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Golden Glint SHAMPOO

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

strange reply. "You'll feel just the same as I do."

"Are you the man who has been sleeping at the inn?" demanded Romeo, somewhat irrelevantly. "In the bridal chamber?"

"I was there last night. All alone, mind you. I'm used to sleeping alone in bridal chambers. I wonder if anybody has told you that you are sleeping in a bridal chamber?"

"See here, Hadberry, it's none of my business, but I would like to know what you expect to gain by coming here like this. You must know that your wife doesn't care for you. I don't know what she'll say or do when I tell her you've been here spying on her."

"Do you have to tell her?" asked Ferdinand almost imploringly. Without waiting for an answer he went on with considerable spirit. "Besides, I wasn't spying on my wife alone, if you want to call it spying. I don't care any more for her than I do for the others. That's the worst of it," he groaned. "You wait till this thing gets a grip on you, young feller. It'll get you as sure as your name is—say, what *is* your name?"

"Egerton."

"Well, you'd better write it down somewhere, Mr. Egerton, because you're going to forget it before long."

"That's not at all likely," said Romeo lightly. "I'm engaged to be married, Mr. Hadberry."

MR. HADBERRY started. "Good Lord, has it happened to you as quick as all that? Don't tell me that you are engaged to all five of 'em."

"I am not engaged to any one of the Miss Barrons."

"You know, the awful part of it is that while you can be engaged to all of 'em, you can only marry one of them," said Ferdinand.

"But, confound it, I am not going to be engaged to even one of them. Haven't I told you that I am——"

"Say," broke in Ferdinand, anxiously, "you'll be doing me a great favor if you don't mention that you've seen me tonight. You might do this much for me in return for what I'm likely to do for you."

"What, may I inquire, do you contemplate doing for me?"

"Why, the chances are I'll blow my brains out before long," replied Ferdinand calmly.

"Good God! You wouldn't do such a thing as that!"

"I might as well do it. Susannah has looked upon herself as a widow ever since she married me, so what sense is there in my going on living? I might almost say living a double life, sort of alive and dead. But that's a matter for the future to take care of. We need not discuss it now. The thing is, will you promise not to tell them I've been here?"

"I guess when you sober up you won't be so eager to kill yourself," said Romeo soothingly. "Brace up, Hadberry. Be a man."

Ferdinand leaned a little closer.

"Look at me," he said, almost fiercely. "Don't I look like a solid, sensible sort of a guy? I'm thirty years old and I've had a lot of experience. I don't want you to think I married the wrong girl. I didn't. That's the trouble. I married the right one all right enough, but she was only one of five right ones. Every one of 'em was the right one, Egerton. I was in love with the whole bunch. Just as you will be before long—that is, if it hasn't already happened — including my wife. And while we're on the subject I don't mind telling you that you are just as welcome to her as you are to any of the others, so far as I am concerned. Which means that you are not welcome to any of them.

"Now, the horrible part of the whole business is that I realize they are all going to be married some day—to different men, of course—and I'm so jealous that I lie awake nights suffering the torments of the damned. So now maybe you can understand why I'm back here acting like an idiot, Egerton. I simply can't help it, that's all there is to it. Maybe you've got the strength to beat the game, but I doubt it.

"I'm not trying to convince you that they are vamps. Not by a long shot. They're just the reverse. They are just simply girls, Egerton, and, to tell you the honest truth, they're almost what you'd call boobs. You'd laugh your head off if you saw 'em on Fifth Avenue. I know all that, and yet look at me. See what I've let 'em do to me—and I'm what you might call a man of the world. If you doubt that last statement, just ask the girls themselves. I never really considered myself a man of the world until they began telling me I was—not one, but all of 'em. Even Cornelia."

He paused to clear the huskiness out of his throat. Romeo felt a hot flush mount to his cheeks. That very afternoon Martha had——

"Well, I've done all I can for you, Egerton," concluded Ferdinand sorrowfully.

Romeo waited a moment or two and then said: "I'm sorry for you —I honestly am; as a matter of fact, I think I understand just how you feel; but if Susannah doesn't want you and none of the others want you——O, by the way, that reminds me. You gave up your job voluntarily, didn't you? Nobody fired you, did they?"

"You wait till you marry one of 'em and have her begin acting as if she is a widow ten minutes after the ceremony, and then ask yourself if it's necessary for anybody

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to fire you. You won't hang around here long, my boy. Not unless you want to be a hermit."

Romeo started. "A hermit?"

"The trouble was, Susannah forgot to bury me. Nobody went into mourning for me. The tribe simply announced that she was a widow, and that ended it. After a couple of months I got sick of being a corpse, so I up and told 'em all to go where I had been ever since my demise. I told 'em to go to hell, and walked out. Now I've come back to haunt 'em. I'm entitled to the privilege of being a ghost, ain't I? That's the right of every dead man, isn't it?"

"That's a droll idea, Ferdinand," said Romeo, chuckling. "You certainly have a sense of humor, I must say."

"Well, I know when the joke's on me," said Ferdinand, surlily. "Good-night, Egerton. No hard feelings on my part."

"None on mine either, Hadberry. Don't do anything foolish. I mean, don't go blowing your brains out. You'll get over this in a little while."

"Never!" declared Ferdinand, with great positiveness.

"Do you need anything, Ferdinand? I mean in the way of pajamas, tooth paste, razor, or anything like that?"

"All I need," said Susannah's husband, slouching away in the darkness, "is a decent burial."

He was back in an instant.

"Say! Is your first name Romeo?" he asked, with a sharp note of interest in his voice.

"It is," confided the other. "Romeo Egerton."

Ferdinand was silent for a moment, as if he had just heard something incredible. Then he whistled softly and exclaimed:

"Well, by thunder! This *is* rich!"

"What do you mean by that remark?" demanded Romeo. "Don't you like my name? Be careful now. You know what you got for calling me Prissy."

Ferdinand's response to this was decidedly unsatisfactory. He merely repeated, "Well, by thunder!" in a hoarse undertone and walked rapidly away.

"Do you mean to say, Egerton, that you intend to leave us in the lurch?"

WITHIN three days after the initial appearance of Miss Eulora Oglethorpe's advertisement in the "Personal" columns of the local and metropolitan newspapers results began to present themselves in various forms. Every mail brought helpful hints from all directions, far and near.

In almost every instance these would-be Samaritans made a point of intimating that positive information would be supplied only on the assurance that a suitable reward was to be paid. The telephone was kept busy by individuals who professed to be in a position to lay their hands upon the right man if it could be made worth their while to do so. All of this sounded so encouraging to Eulora that she decided to offer a reward. Mr. Oglethorpe put his foot down on this, but it did him little good. Eulora prepared and had inserted a second notice in the papers which read as follows:

Reward: Five hundred dollars will be paid to any person giving absolute information concerning the present whereabouts of one Romeo Egerton, age 23, six feet tall, sandy haired, and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Last seen at Blackville Junction on August 10. This is not a criminal charge. Address Mr. Oswald Oglethorpe, Upper Slate Bend.

Mr. Oglethorpe, on beholding this advertisement in a New York newspaper, suffered the next thing to a stroke of apoplexy, but Eulora withstood his violent expostulations with serenity.

Meanwhile, the especially employed detectives from New York were at work on the case. They had no trouble in tracing Mr. Egerton to Blackville Junction. Anybody could have accomplished that much, but here the trail branched off into an abysmal void.

Eulora had implicit faith in Romeo. She took the stand from the outset that it was useless to search for him in thickly populated communities. He had stated in so many words that he was going far, far away from the haunts of man to become a recluse. Then why waste time looking for him except in out-of-the-way, isolated places where a recluse might reasonably expect to absorb the properties of solitude?

She had visions of dark, desolate caves and Romeo in tatters, haggard and half-starved, with a beard that grew long and gray, or remote log huts in the depths of unexplored forests abounding in deadly reptiles and ferocious wild beasts, with Romeo probably devouring poisonous toadstools instead of mushrooms in order to stave off death as long as possible. And she had driven him to his doom. She had made a woman-hater of him. She had perhaps destroyed his faith in her sex. There was some slight degree of comfort to be derived from the last mentioned possibility: he wasn't likely to fall in love with any other girl.

Eulora did not belong to the "flapper" class. Despite her extremely modern bringing up and her daily contact with youthful "independents," she was at heart an old fashioned girl, and she was in love with Romeo Egerton, deeply, sincerely, unalterably.

Clining to her faith in him, she tried to direct the search into out-of-the-way districts. The second week after his disappearance she took up the quest herself. Scarcely a day went by that she did not range far and wide in the

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big automobile, usually accompanied by her young brothers. Sometimes she invited friends to go for a hundred mile spin, always up into the foothills of the mountains. She rarely drove the car herself. She had other use for her eyes. The Oglethorpe chauffeur considered himself overworked.

Mr. Oglethorpe was worried. She wasn't eating enough. At times he would sit and watch her furtively out of gloomy eyes, and at such times he wished with all his soul that he again had the chance to become Romeo Egerton's father-in-law.

AMONG the vast assortment of letters that came to the Oglethorpe house was one signed by F. Hadberry. It had been posted in Springfield, Massachusetts, on August twenty-fourth, and merely advised Mr. Oglethorpe that if he would communicate with the undersigned, general delivery, Hartford, on or before the first of September, he would hear something to his advantage concerning "one Romeo Egerton."

This letter received the treatment accorded hundreds of others of similar character. Its contents were "noted" and then it was chucked into a capacious drawer at the bottom of Mr. Oglethorpe's desk. F. Hadberry, in this instance at least, was unquestionably buried.

The twenty-ninth of August arrived. Romeo Egerton rose above his environment and dispatched a telegram to Eulora, felicitating her on her birthday. Strictly speaking, he did not send it on the twenty-ninth. In pursuance of a definite plan, he started the message on its way on the twenty-seventh. It traveled in a roundabout direction and was the source of considerable trouble to that same amiable friend in New York who had managed his trunk for him.

Here is what Romeo said to Eulora:

> Many happy returns of the day is the wish of one who can never forget but hopes to be forgotten in order that you may have no regrets. I am well and trust you are the same. (Signed) R. E.

The obliging confederate received Romeo's letter as he was starting to visit friends up at Ossining. Ossining, as every one knows or should know, is the town where Sing Sing prison is located.

On being shown this telegram the next day both of the private detectives employed by Mr. Oglethorpe promptly announced that there was no use looking any farther for Romeo Egerton. One of them went so far as to say, "I told you so," and the other remarked, "That's been my theory from the start." Whereupon Miss Oglethorpe, taking matters into her own hands, discharged both of them in short order.

THE thirtieth of August came also. Instead of gliding off in a sparkling runabout with a bride at the wheel, Romeo faced a journey to Appleville in charge of Tessie, the monstrosity, accompanied by the five lovely young Barrons, all of whom by this time had begun to show signs of a flattering though decidedly disquieting interest in him, including Susannah, who it transpires had been so christened by a droll and no doubt aggravated mother whose knowledge of the Scriptures appears to have been far more extensive than that of the average New England churchman, and who so bitterly resented the interest taken in the infant by its elders that she resorted to the Apocrypha for a name.

Romeo was subtly aware of a pronounced change in the attitude of the five sisters toward him. Something in their eyes, he thought, and also in the way they spoke to him. On more than one occasion he caught them looking at him soulfully, searchingly. At times there were unmistakable indications of annoyance when he appeared to be devoting a little more attention to one than to the others. And the one thus favored assumed an elated air of proprietorship.

Now, while all this was most gratifying it was at the same time decidedly disturbing.

It is betraying no secret to announce at this time that he had sat upon the log near the inn in the moonlight with all five of them in turn. As a matter of fact, there was no attempt to make a secret of it. Nor of the conversations that took place on those occasions. These were by no means of a sentimental nature and could have been repeated at any time without blushes.

Romeo was far from superstitious, but he was beginning to believe in signs. Take Cornelia, for instance. She was his amanuensis. It was she who typed the letters which he signed as manager of The Five Barrons. (There had been considerable argument over his determination to sign himself R. Elsmere instead of R. Egerton.) It was getting to be quite a habit of Cornelia's to allow her mind to wander while typing. It was becoming more and more difficult for him to dictate a satisfactory business letter.

The voluntarily widowed Susannah evinced a surprising interest in his sartorial welfare. She insisted on doing all of his mending and darning; she went over him assiduously with gasoline whenever he got spots on his clothing; acting for all the world like a devoted and capable housewife.

Nancy took countless snapshots of him with her kodak; Elizabeth manifested an ardent desire to brush up her scanty Latin and French at his expense; while Martha continued to baffle him with her deep and unfathomable eyes.

He began fatuously to contrast his own case with that of the unhappy Ferdinand who had fallen in love with all five of them and was beloved by none; whilst, on the other hand, all five of them were revealing what might be regarded as symptoms of being in love with him. Unless, of course, he was very much mistaken.

A distressing change came over them on the morning of the thirtieth. It occurred simultaneously with his professional début in livery. He and Jim Flake had carried out the bags and trunks and "props" shortly after breakfast, stowing them away in Tessie's capacious interior. Along about ten o'clock he repaired to his room to don his uniform.

He found the entire "troupe" waiting for him in the front yard. The total population of Moon Village was also present to speed them on their way: Mrs. Barron, Hester and Jim Flake, and Elijah Bounce. Romeo, grinning sheepishly and self-consciously, approached the group.

"DON'T crowd, girls," he called out. "Stand back and give me air. One at a time, please. Form in line on the right and don't touch the waxworks in passing."

Jim Flake put his hand over his mouth in a significant manner. The rest of the population, however, greeted this sally with the most disconcerting reserve. Even the dogs eyed him reproachfully, their tails motionless.

"Bring the 'bus around to the front gate, Egerton," said Susannah coldly.

The smile froze on his lips. He stopped short and stared.

"Come, come," she cried, impatiently. "Didn't you hear what I said?"

"Sure, I—I heard what you said, Susannah," he began, smiling uncertainly.

"Miss Barron, if you please, Egerton."

He stiffened and turned scarlet in the face.

"Certainly, if you insist, Miss Barron," he said, lifting his chin. "I beg your pardon."

"Be good enough to remember in future," she said, in that kindly, almost sorrowful tone that one employs in reprimanding an offending though indispensable servant. "Must I tell you once more to bring the 'bus around to the front gate?"

His face paled. A hard, steely glitter came into his eyes. Susannah, standing a little apart from the tense group, met his gaze unwaveringly.

"Is this supposed to be a joke?" inquired Romeo, levelly.

Susannah met this with a tolerant smile. "No, Egerton, it is not supposed to be a joke. We do not joke with our chauffeurs."

He was silent for a moment, searching her face intently.

"Very well, Miss Barron. I will bring the 'bus to the gate immedaitely. It's my job. I had forgotten that relations were to change the instant I put on this ridiculous costume. You have heard of labor strikes, haven't you? Well, I wish to advise you that I am going out on strike. I'll bring Tessie around to the front gate in perfect order and then I shall walk out on you. I am ready and willing to arbitrate, however."

Susannah's steady gaze wavered.

"Do you mean to say, Ro—Egerton, that you intend to leave us in the lurch?" she demanded, a warm flush mounting to her temples. "You refuse to wear our livery, Egerton?"

"Absolutely," said he.

She turned to her sisters. "Shall we discharge him on the spot?" she asked—and now her face was white.

The other four made a brave attempt to be loyal. It was, however, a decidedly half-hearted "Yes" that fell from their lips.

"Mr. Egerton has stated that he is willing to arbitrate, girls," said Mrs. Barron, speaking for the first time.

"There is nothing to arbitrate," said Susannah, firmly. "He has gone back on his bargain and that settles it. You—you are discharged, Egerton."

How Mrs. Barron plays mediator and Romeo's experiences at the first performance of The Five Barrons are told in next week's issue.

How Shall We Save Our Presidents

from the dire consequences likely to follow overwork? "Somebody must do something," writes Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, former physician to Woodrow Wilson, in the second of his extraordinary series of articles to appear in the next issue of Liberty. "Somebody must do something or it will soon come about that the election of a President is but a sublime way of pronouncing a death sentence upon the individual so honored."

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